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2-5
#11



COMICS

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Jim Mooney



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*They're
New!*

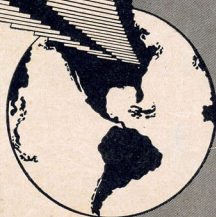
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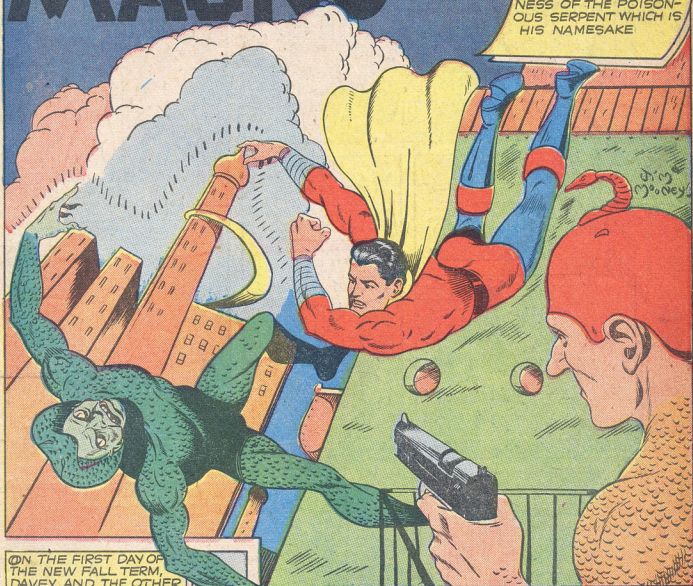
You've enjoyed "Lightning" and "The Raven" in LIGHTNING COMICS; you've clamored for more of "Magno and Davey" and "Vulcan" in SUPER-MYSTERY COMICS. Now you can get these rip-snorting, powerful characters in ONE book! It's FOUR FAVORITES!



MAGNO

The
MAGNETIC
MAN

MAGNO, MASTER OF MAGNETISM, AND HIS PAL DAVEY, NOW FIGHT THE COBRA, THAT HOODED ARCH-CRIMINAL WHO STRIKES WITH THE DEADLY SWIFTNES OF THE POISONOUS SERPENT WHICH IS HIS NAMESAKE



ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE NEW FALL TERM, DAVEY AND THE OTHER KIDS HEAD FOR THE SCHOOLHOUSE

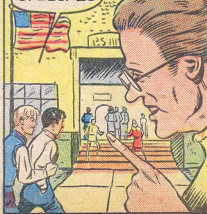
GEE, I HATE GOING BACK TO SCHOOL

YEP, VACATION'S OVER. BACK TO THE OLD GRIND



TO THE AUDITORIUM, CHILDREN, FOR THE OPENING ASSEMBLY

SHUCKS! HERE COME A LOT OF DULL SPEECHES

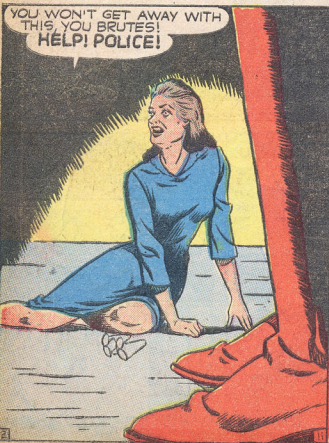
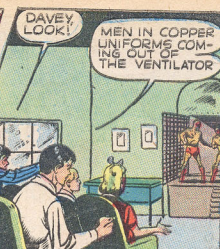


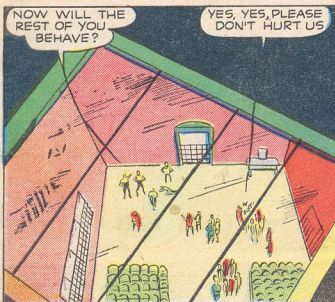
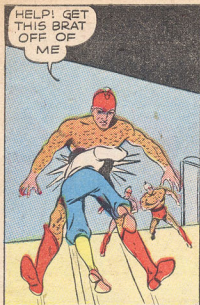
BUT BEHIND THE GRILL WORK OF AN AIR-VENT INSIDE THE AUDITORIUM, STRANGE THINGS ARE HAPPENING

IT WAS A GOOD IDEA OF OUR MASTER TO HAVE THIS PASSAGEWAY DUG IN THE SUMMER WHILE SCHOOL WAS EMPTY



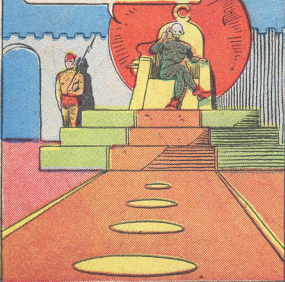
PROPERTY OF
RAYMOND MILLER



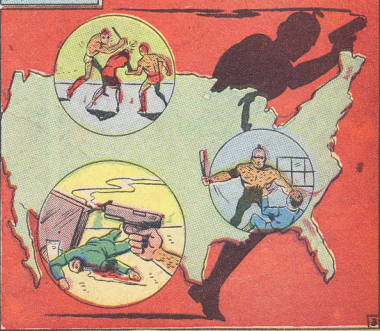


IN AN ISLAND HIDEOUT OFF THE COAST, THE COBRA GETS THE REPORT

YOU HAVE COMPLETE CONTROL OF THE SCHOOL? GOOD. I SHOULD SOON BE GETTING SUCH REPORTS FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY



EVEN AS THE COBRA SPEAKS IN SCHOOLS ALL OVER THE UNITED STATES, THE COPPERHEADS ARE RUNNING WILD



AND SOON, IN THE OFFICES OF THE MAYORS OF ALL THESE TOWNS

"JUST HAD A CALL FROM A MAN WHO CALLS HIMSELF THE COBRA! HE SAYS HE IS HOLDING ALL THE CHILDREN OF THE TOWN PRISONERS IN THE SCHOOLHOUSE! HE WANTS \$50,000 RANSOM

HOW FANTASTIC

MAYBE IT IS AND MAYBE IT'S NOT! SEND POLICE OVER TO THE SCHOOL RIGHT AWAY TO SEE, HURRY!

YES, MAYOR HOBBS

POLICE ARRIVE AT THE SCHOOL BUILDING

THEY'VE SENT THE POLICE! LITTLE GOOD WILL IT DO THEM!

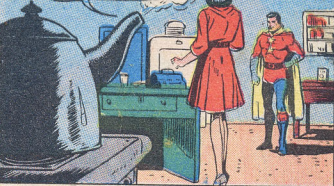
IF YOU TRY TO BREAK IN HERE WE WILL DYNAMITE THE BUILDING AND KILL ALL THE BRATS!

ALL THE WINDOWS AND DOORS ARE BARRED! AND THAT MAN IN THE COPPER UNIFORM! WE HAD BETTER NOT TRY TO BREAK IN, MY LITTLE SON IS IN THERE! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

MEANWHILE, BACK IN DAVEY'S HOME

MAGNO DAVEY FORGOT HIS LUNCH, WILL YOU TAKE IT DOWN TO THE SCHOOL FOR ME, PLEASE?

SURE THING!



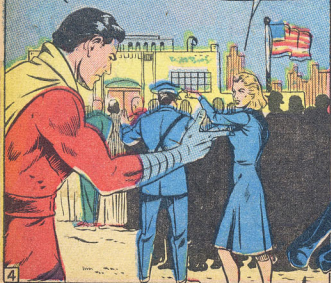
AFTER MAGNO HEARS THE WHOLE STORY

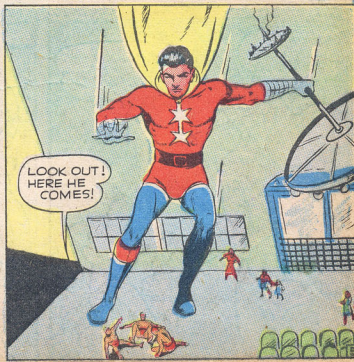
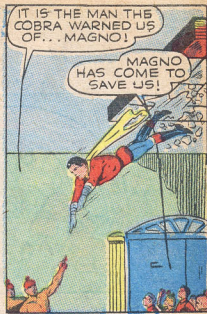
GOT THEM LOCKED IN THE AUDITORIUM, EH? I'LL JUST MAGNETIZE MYSELF TO THE METAL ON THE ROOF

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

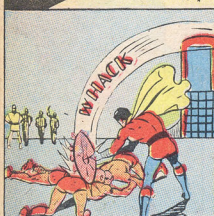
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

A GANG OF FIENDS CALLING THEMSELVES THE COPPERHEADS, HAVE CAPTURED THE SCHOOLHOUSE



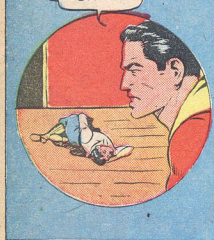


HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT?

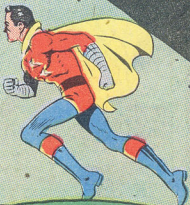


BUT ONE LITTLE PROSTRATE FIGURE DOES NOT RUN OUT WITH THE REST. . . .

DAVEY! THEY'VE HURT HIM



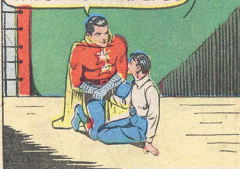
NOW WHILE THEY'RE STILL DAZED I'LL SET THESE KIDS FREE



BUT IN MAGNO'S TENDER HANDS, DAVEY REVIVES. . . .

WHAT HAPPENED? W-WHERE MAGNO!

YES DAVEY IF YOU FEEL UP TO IT I'LL GIVE YOU MAGNETIC POWERS AND WE'LL FINISH OFF THESE COPPERHEADS



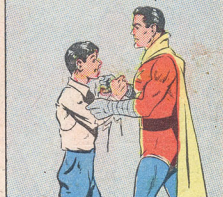
WE KNEW MAGNO WOULD SAVE US



THERE YOU ARE NOW RUN HOME TILL THIS BUSINESS IS ALL OVER

SURE THING I FEEL FINE NOW

I'D BETTER HURRY. THE COPPERHEADS ARE SHOWING SIGNS OF REVIVING



THEN DAVEY STRIPS TO HIS LITTLE MAGNO UNIFORM WHICH HE ALWAYS WEARS UNDER HIS REGULAR CLOTHES AND. . .

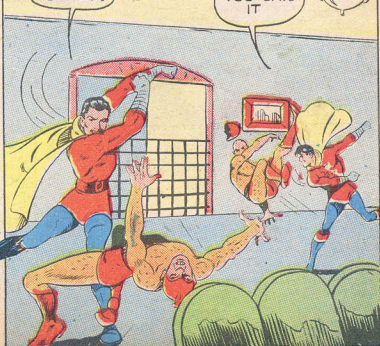
GET READY, DAVEY, HERE THEY COME

YOU CAN'T GET RID OF US THAT EASILY

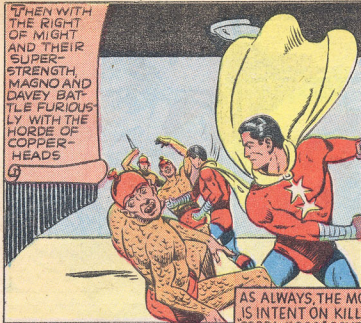


THEY MAY BE IMMUNE TO MAGNETIC RAYS BUT NOT TO FISTS, EH, DAVEY?

YOU SAID IT



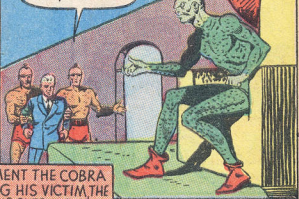
THEN WITH THE RIGHT OF MIGHT AND THEIR SUPER-STRENGTH, MAGNO AND DAVEY BATTLE FURIOUSLY WITH THE HORDE OF COPPER-HEADS



MEANWHILE BACK AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE COBRA

AH, THIS IS INDEED A PLEASURE

HERE IS THE OLD PRINCIPAL FROM THE SCHOOL IN MIDVILLE, THAT YOU ASKED TO SEE, MASTER



AS ALWAYS, THE MOMENT THE COBRA IS INTENT ON KILLING HIS VICTIM, THE COBRA HOOD COMES UP OVER HIS HEAD

AH, YES, THE KINDLY OLD PRINCIPAL WHOM ALL THE CHILDREN LOVE, HENRY ALDEN! HOW ARE YOU, HENRY?



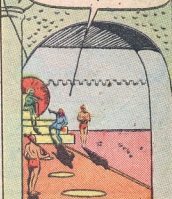
WHO ARE YOU? WHY HAVE YOU BROUGHT ME HERE?

I AM THE COBRA NOW! BUT ONCE I WAS LEO MOREZ, A PUPIL IN YOUR SCHOOL! YOU CAUGHT ME STEALING CHANGE FROM A TEACHER'S PURSE, HENRY ALDEN, AND EXPELLED ME! MY PARENTS BEAT ME UNTIL I ALMOST DIED, FOR THAT!

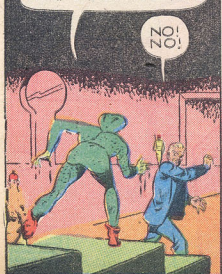


I HAVE NEVER FORGOTTEN THAT, NOW I SHALL HAVE MY REVENGE ON YOU!

LEO MOREZ! YOU ALWAYS WERE A BAD BOY, BUT THIS...

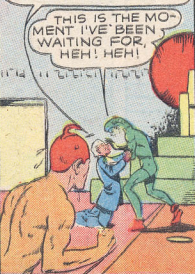


THESE NAILS OF MINE ARE LIKE A SNAKE'S FANGS... FILLED WITH POISON SECRETED UNDER THEM! THEIR BITE MEANS INSTANT DEATH!



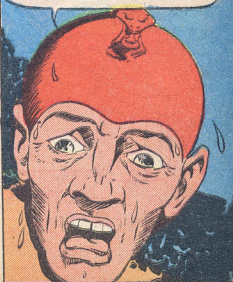
NO!
NO!

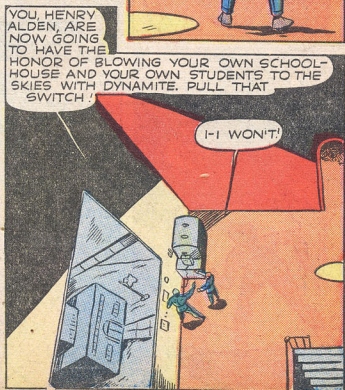
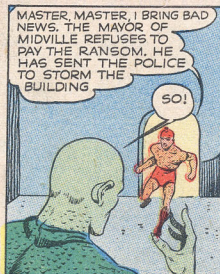
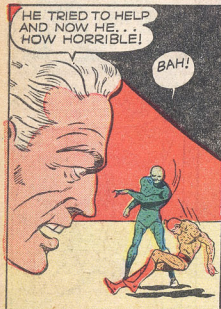
PLEASE! I AM TOO OLD TO FIGHT YOU, TO TRY TO STOP YOU... D-DON'T!



THIS IS THE MOMENT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR, HEH! HEH!

I'VE BEEN CRUEL AND BAD, BUT THIS- THIS IS INHUMAN! I CAN'T STAND TO WATCH THIS ANY LONGER!





THEN THE COBRA SWITCHES ON A TELEVISION SET, AND...

AH, JUST IN TIME TO KILL THE FOOL POLICE, ALSO! PULL THE SWITCH, HENRY ALDEN... OR DIE!

I'LL DIE BEFORE I LET MY HAND KILL THOSE CHILDREN!

AND NOW DEATH TO YOU TOO, HENRY ALDEN, I SHALL NOT EVEN WASTE MY POISON ON YOU!

HELP!

THEY WILL DIE ANYHOW, OLD FOOL, WATCH!

ON THE TELEVISION SCENE, HENRY ALDEN, THE AGED PRINCIPAL, SEES THE SCHOOLHOUSE AND ALL INSIDE IT BLASTED BY DYNAMITE.

MY REVENGE IS COMPLETE

EEEEEEEEK!

WHILE BACK AT THE SCHOOLHOUSE WITH MAGNO AND DAVEY...

JUST THESE TWO LEFT, DAVEY

WE'LL HAVE TO GET THEM AND MAKE OUR RECORD A HUNDRED PERCENT

GOT 'EM!

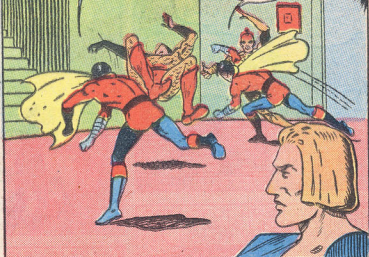
YOU MAY HAVE LICKED US, MAGNO BUT YOU WON'T STOP OUR MASTER, THE COBRA. HE HAS CAPTURED SCHOOLS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY

WE TAKE CARE OF ONE THING AT A TIME AND RIGHT NOW...



WE'LL FINISH OFF THIS UNIT OF COPPERHEADS, EH, DAVEY?

RIGHT

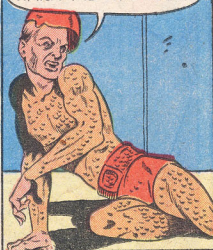


THERE MUST BE A PASSAGEWAY LEADING FROM THAT AIR-VENT TO THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE COPPERHEADS. I'M GOING DOWN THERE AFTER THIS COBRA GUY, DAVEY

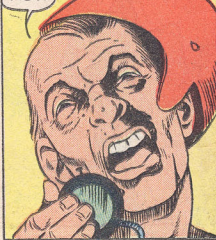
AND I'LL GO BREAK UP THEIR GAME AT SOME OF THE OTHER SCHOOLS



HE-HE IS GOING TO--- COPPER CITY--BETTER WARN THE---THE COBRA



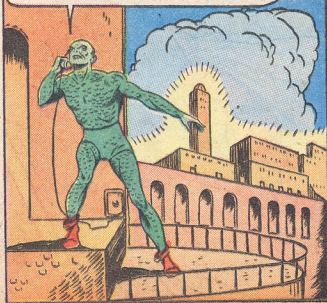
MASTER! MAGNO HAS DEFEATED US IN BATTLE, HE IS ON HIS WAY TO YOU NOW

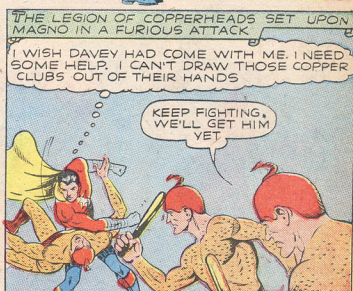
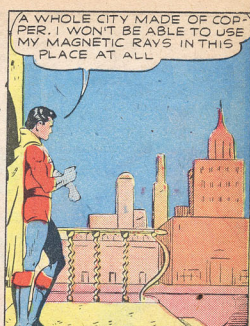
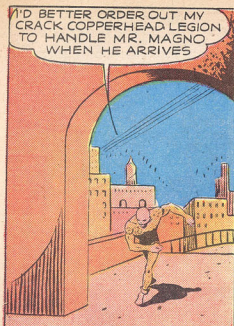


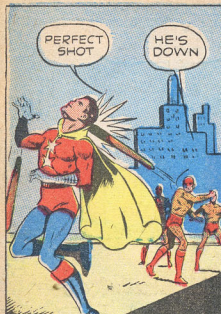
I AM GLAD YOU WARNED ME. I WILL HAVE A SPECIAL RECEPTION COMMITTEE AWAITING HIM



OUT HERE ON THIS SECRET ISLAND WE ARE SAFE FROM EVERYTHING EXCEPT MAGNO. THAT IS WHY I MADE THE CITY OF COPPER SO THAT WE WOULD BE SAFE EVEN FROM HIM

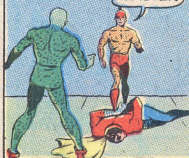






TAKE HIM TO A COPPER CELL AND BIND HIM WITH COPPER WIRES THEN LET'S SEE HIS MAGNETIC POWERS GET HIM OUT OF THAT

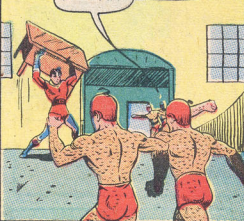
AYE MASTER



THE NEXT MOMENT THE SCHOOLHOUSE IS BLASTED.

AT THIS SAME TIME IN A MID-WEST CITY DAVEY IS ALSO ENCOUNTERING TROUBLE

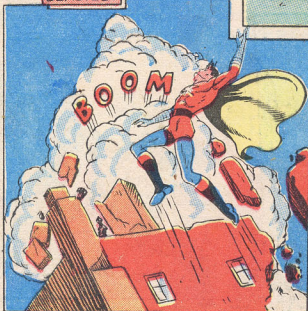
THEY'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO DEFEAT THAT BOY ASSISTANT OF MAGNO'S. HE IS TOO VICIOUS A FIGHTER. LET US RETREAT DOWN THE TUNNEL, I HAVE A PLAN



WE'LL USE THE DYNAMITE THAT WE HAVE PLANTED IN CASE OF A POLICE ATTACK



THE UNCONSCIOUS DAVEY IS BROUGHT TO THE COPPER CITY

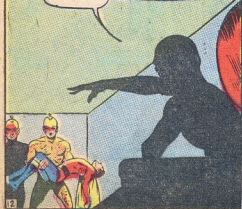


AFTER THE SMOKE CLEARS AWAY

THAT DID THE TRICK. THE COBRA WILL BE PLEASED TO GET SUCH A PRISONER



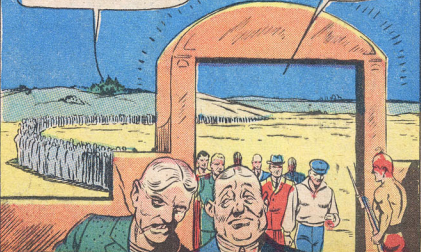
GOOD! TOSS HIM INTO THE CELL WITH MAGNO AND ONE OF YOU STAY THERE TO GUARD THEM. MEANWHILE THERE IS NOW NOTHING TO STAND IN OUR WAY. WITH THE MONEY ALREADY TAKEN IN FROM RANSOMS I CAN HIRE ALL THE CROOKS IN THE COUNTRY AND FORM A MIGHTY ARMY



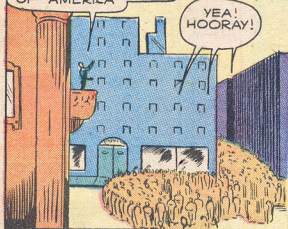
AND WHILE MAGNO AND DAVEY LANGUISH IN A CELL THE COBRA SUMMONS ALL THE UNDERWORLD RIF-RAFF TO HIS COPPER CITY

WHO IS THIS GUY THE COBRA? WHAT WILL WE HAVE TO DO AS MEMBERS OF HIS COPPERHEAD ARMY?

SEARCH ME, BUT FOR WHAT HE'S PAYING US, I'D DO ANYTHING

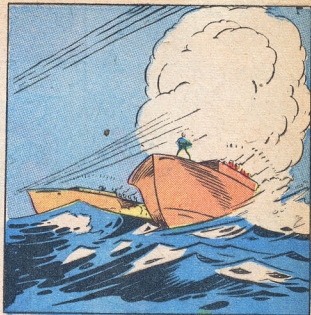


YOU OF MY COPPERHEAD ARMY ARE NOW A HUNDRED THOUSAND STRONG I PERSONALLY SHALL LEAD YOU ON AN EXPEDITION TO THE MAINLAND. WE WILL STRIKE SO SUDDENLY WE WILL CONQUER ALL OF AMERICA



YEA! HOORAY!

IN HUGE FAST SPEED-BOATS, THE COBRA AND HIS ARMY OF COPPER-HEADS START FOR THE MAINLAND

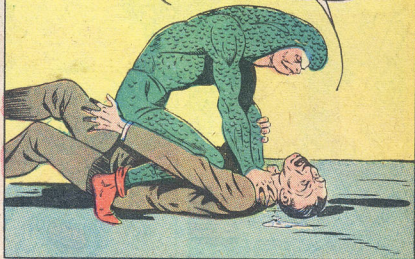


AND MARCH INTO THE FIRST VILLAGE THEY REACH, SLAUGHTERING AT WILL



WITH ME LEADING THEM MY MEN ARE INVINCIBLE

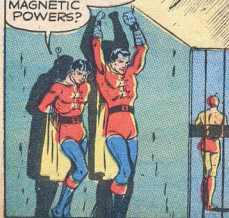
HE-HE'S A HUMAN SNAKE. HE'S POISONING ME. HELP!



BACK IN THEIR CELL IN COPPER-QUITY MAGNO AND DAVEY RE-GAINED CONSCIOUSNESS

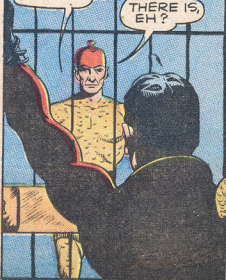
THERE ISN'T ONE ARTICLE OF STEEL IN THIS WHOLE CELL, MAGNO. HOW ARE WE EVER GOING TO GET FREE IF WE CAN'T USE OUR MAGNETIC POWERS?

SHHH, I'VE GOT AN IDEA, WATCH



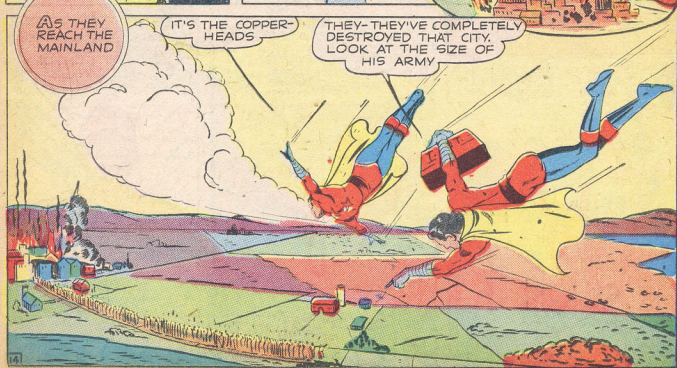
HEY, GUARD! THERE'S A HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL TUCKED UNDER THE BELT OF MY UNIFORM. YOU CAN HAVE IT IF YOU TURN US FREE

THERE IS, EH?

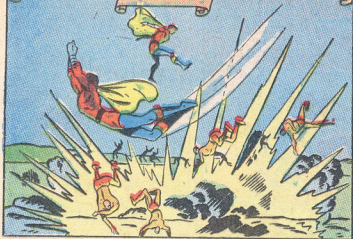


THAT'S JUST DUCKY. THANKS FOR LETTING ME KNOW. I'LL JUST TAKE THAT CENTURY NOTE ANYHOW

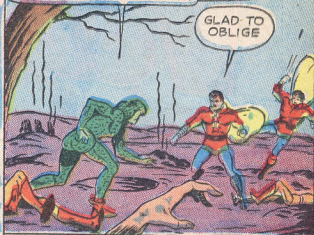




SWOOPING LOW OVER THE MARCHING COLUMNS OF COPPERHEADS, MAGNO DROPS HIS CASE OF DYNAMITE.



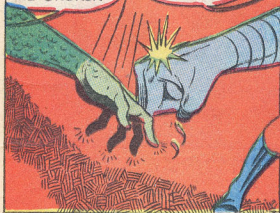
LOOK AT MY FINE ARMY! DESTROYED COME NEAR ME, DAVEY AND MAGNO AND I'LL KILL YOU BOTH!



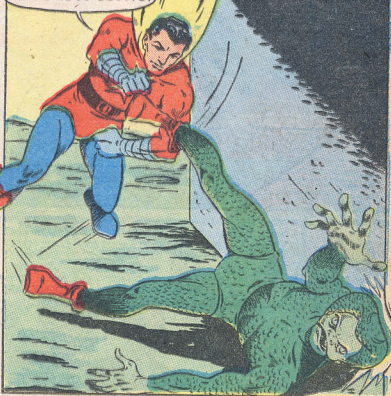
THE COBRA LEAPS AT MAGNO AND DAVEY STRIKING WITH HIS POISONED CLAWS BUT...

METAL GLOVES, MY PRECIOUS POISON CLAWS ARE BROKEN

YES, COBRA, AND NOW YOU ARE GOING TO BE BROKEN TOO



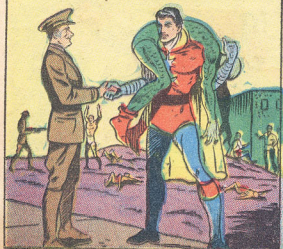
NO MORE WILL THE COBRA STRIKE POISONOUS BLOWS!



A FEW MINUTES LATER A PLATOON OF MILITIA WHICH HAD BEEN SENT OUT TO FIGHT THE COPPERHEADS, ARRIVES

YOU AND DAVEY CERTAINLY DO A THOROUGH JOB, MAGNO

WE DO OUR BEST, HERE'S THE RAT RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THIS TROUBLE



WELL I GUESS SCHOOL CAN GO ON AS USUAL NOW, DAVEY

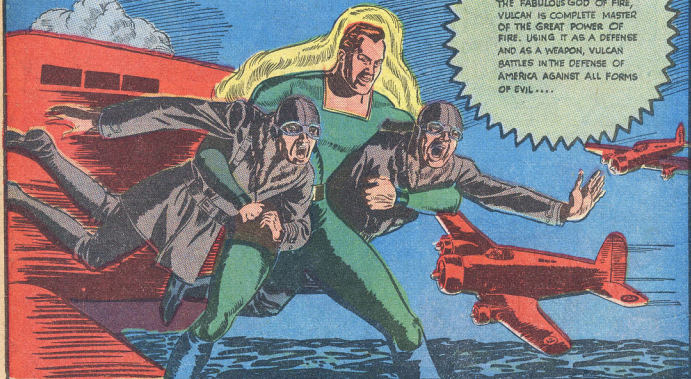
THE KIDS WILL BE GLAD TO GET BACK AFTER THIS



ANOTHER BIG MAGNO STORY IN THE NEXT ISSUE! AND DON'T MISS MAGNO AND DAVEY IN FOUR FAVORITE COMICS!

VULCAN

A DIRECT DESCENDENT OF THE FABULOUS GOD OF FIRE, VULCAN IS COMPLETE MASTER OF THE GREAT POWER OF FIRE. USING IT AS A DEFENSE AND AS A WEAPON, VULCAN BATTLES IN THE DEFENSE OF AMERICA AGAINST ALL FORMS OF EVIL....



AT AN EMERGENCY MEETING OF THE HEADS OF THE THREE AXIS POWERS...

AMERICAN AID TO BRITAIN MUST BE STOPPED NOW! SOMETHING DRASTIC MUST BE DONE IMMEDIATELY!

IF THERE WAS ONLY SOME WAY WE COULD KEEP AMERICANS BUSY SO THEY WOULD NOT HAVE TIME TO HELP OTHERS!

IF WE WAIT ANY LONGER TO STRIKE AT THEM, THEY WILL BE TOO WELL PREPARED!



I HAVE JUST PER PLAN. IT WILL DRIVE PER YANKEE DOGS SO CRAZY THEY WILL NO LONGER WANT TO AID BRITAIN OR ANY BODY ELSE

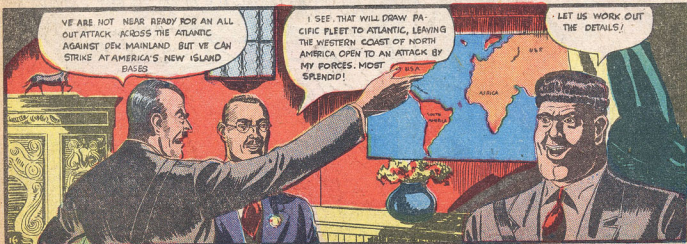
TELL US DETAILS OF THIS MOST HONORABLE IDEA



WE ARE NOT NEAR READY FOR AN ALL OUT ATTACK ACROSS THE ATLANTIC AGAINST THE MAINLAND BUT WE CAN STRIKE AT AMERICA'S NEW ISLAND BASES

I SEE THAT WILL DRAW PACIFIC FLEET TO ATLANTIC, LEAVING THE WESTERN COAST OF NORTH AMERICA OPEN TO AN ATTACK BY MY FORCES. MOST SPLENDID!

LET US WORK OUT THE DETAILS!



A FEW WEEKS LATER IN U.S.A. ARMY HEADQUARTERS IN ICELAND...

WHAT'S THAT? NAZI BATTLESHIPS AND CRUISERS APPROACHING THE ISLAND. CHECK ON THE DISTANCE AND CALL ME BACK!



INSTANTLY THE SLEEPING POST COMES TO LIFE....

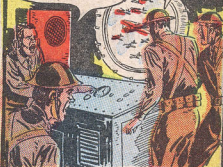
CALL TO BATTLE STATIONS. WONDER WHAT'S UP!

HEARD SOMETHING ABOUT NAZI WARSHIPS HEADING THIS WAY!



PLANES COMING... BIG ONES AND PLenty OF 'EM. MAYBE JUST A RECONNAISSANCE FLIGHT, AND MAYBE...

MAYBE AN AIR ATTACK ON THIS ISLAND!

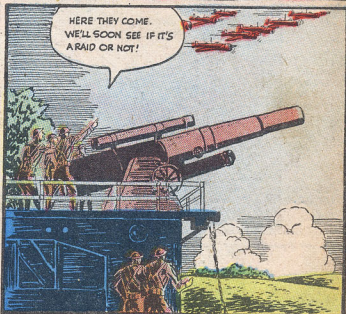


A FEW MINUTES AFTERWARD....

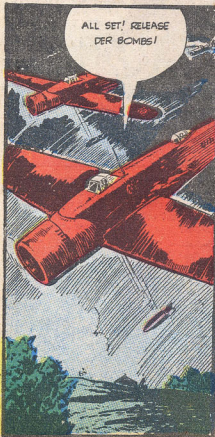
YE VILL SOON BE OVER ICELAND. FIRST OBJECTIVES ARE DER LONG RANGE COASTAL DEFENSE GUN BATTERIES. VUNCE THEY ARE OUT OF ORDER OUR BATTLESHIPS CAN GET IN CLOSE!



HERE THEY COME. WE'LL SOON SEE IF IT'S A RAID OR NOT!



ALL SET! RELEASE DER BOMBS!

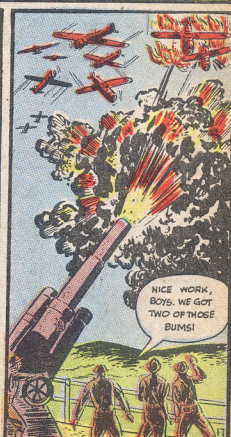


BOMBS! DUCK!

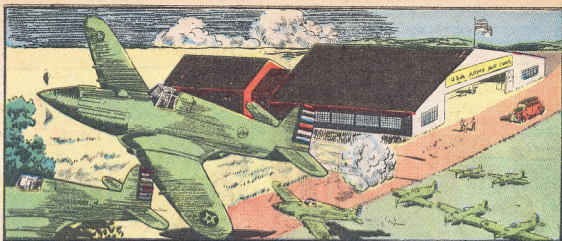
NO GOOD IN THAT. LET'S GET THIS GUN READY. THE WARSHIPS WILL BE OPENING FIRE SOON!



NICE WORK, BOYS. WE GOT TWO OF THOSE BUMS!



NOW THE BRANCH
OF THE U.S. ARMY
AIR CORPS STATIONED AT THE
ISLAND BASE,
DROPS INTO
ACTION...



SOON A
GREAT AIR
BATTLE RAGES
OVER THE
ISLAND...

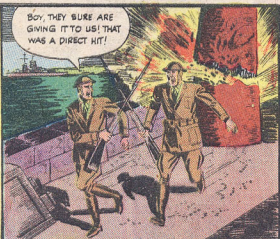


THE WARSHIPS ARE
OPENING FIRE NOW!



AS THE SOLDIERS
RUN AWAY FROM
FIRING WARSHIPS
A SHELL STRIKES
THE WATCHTOWER,
BLASTING IT TO
PIECES....

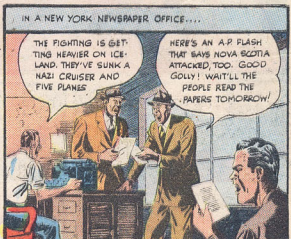
BOY, THEY SURE ARE
GIVING IT TO US! THAT
WAS A DIRECT HIT!



IN A NEW YORK NEWSPAPER OFFICE....

THE FIGHTING IS GET-
TING HEAVIER ON ICE-
LAND. THEY'VE SUNK A
NAZI CRUISER AND
FIVE PLANES.

HERE'S AN A.P. FLASH
THAT SAYS NOVA SCOTIA
ATTACKED, TOO. GOOD
GOLLY! WAIT'LL THE
PEOPLE READ THE
PAPERS TOMORROW!



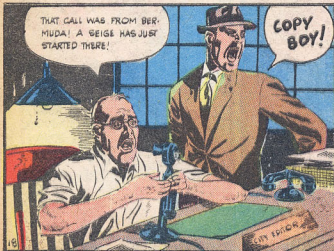
THAT CALL WAS FROM BER-
MUDA! A NAZI HAS JUST
STARTED THERE!

COPY
BOY!

WHILE IN THE
WAR DEPART-
MENT IN
WASHINGTON.

THOSE ISLAND BAGES
CAN'T HOLD OUT UNLESS
THE PACIFIC FLEET COMES
TO HELP OUT!

BUT THAT WILL
LEAVE THE WEST COAST
EXPOSED TO A JAP-
ANESE ATTACK!

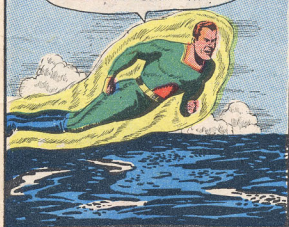


WE MUST RISK THAT, IF THOSE ISLAND BASES FALL TO THE NAZIS WE WILL BE WITHIN TOO EASY STRIKING DISTANCE FOR A FULL FORCE ATTACK ON THE EAST COAST HERE

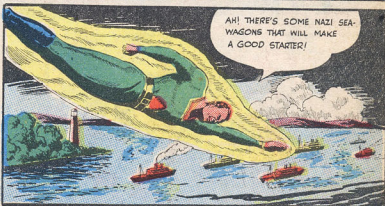


MEANWHILE, A LONE FIGURE SPEEDS ACROSS THE COLD WATERS OF THE ATLANTIC, TOWARD ICELAND. IT IS VULCAN!

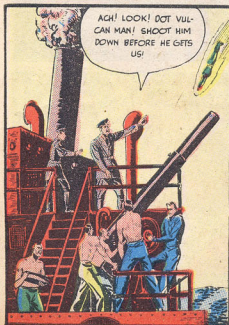
PAPERS SAID THERE WAS SOME DANGER OF ICELAND FALLING BEFORE THE PACIFIC FLEET ARRIVED. I'D BETTER GET OUT THERE AND MAKE SURE THAT DOESN'T HAPPEN!



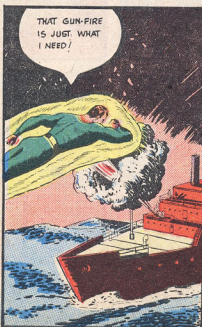
AND SO THE BIG PACIFIC FLEET SAILS TO FIGHT IN DEFENSE OF THE ATLANTIC BASES...



ACH! LOOK! DOT VULCAN MAN! SHOOT HIM DOWN BEFORE HE GETS US!



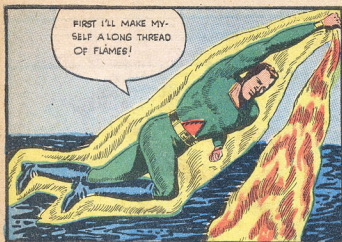
THAT GUN-FIRE IS JUST WHAT I NEED!



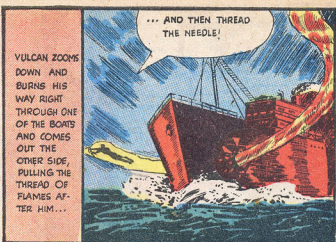
HE IS PULLING DER FLAMES FROM DER BIG GUN!

VAT IS HE UP TO?



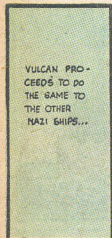


FIRST I'LL MAKE MYSELF A LONG THREAD OF FLAMES!

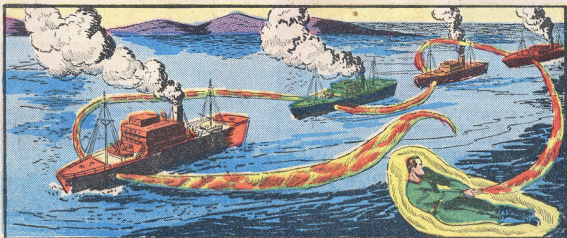


... AND THEN THREAD THE NEEDLE!

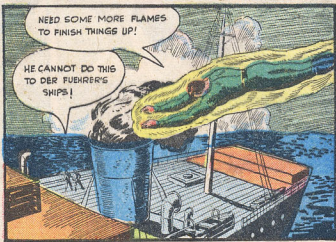
VULCAN ZOOMS DOWN AND BURNS HIS WAY RIGHT THROUGH ONE OF THE BOATS AND COMES OUT THE OTHER SIDE, PULLING THE THREAD OF FLAMES AFTER HIM...



VULCAN PROCEEDS TO DO THE GAME TO THE OTHER NAZI SHIPS...

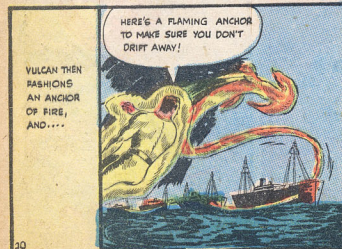


THAT SEWS IT UP!



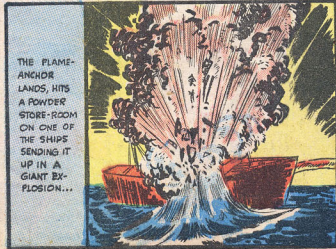
NEED SOME MORE FLAMES TO FINISH THINGS UP!

HE CANNOT DO THIS TO DER FUHRER'S SHIPS!

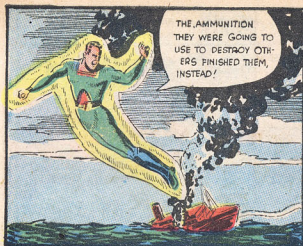


HERE'S A FLAMING ANCHOR TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T DRIFT AWAY!

VULCAN THEN FASHIONS AN ANCHOR OF FIRE, AND....

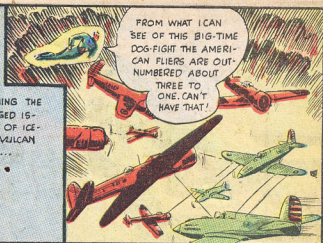


THE FLAME-ANCHOR LANDS, HITS A POWDER STORE-ROOM ON ONE OF THE SHIPS SENDING IT UP IN A GIANT EXPLOSION...



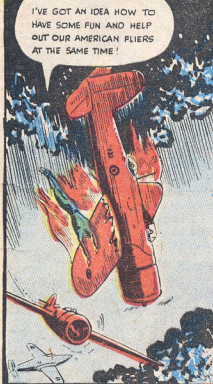
THE AMMUNITION
THEY WERE GOING TO
USE TO DESTROY OTHERS
FINISHED THEM,
INSTEAD!

REACHING THE
BESIEGED IS-
LAND OF ICE-
LAND VULCAN
SEES...



FROM WHAT I CAN
SEE OF THIS BIG-TIME
DOG-FIGHT THE AMERI-
CAN FLIERS ARE OUT-
NUMBERED ABOUT
THREE TO
ONE. CAN'T
HAVE THAT!

VULCAN THEN DIVES SUDDENLY AND CATCHES
A NAZI PLANE THAT IS FALLING IN FLAMES...



I'VE GOT AN IDEA HOW TO
HAVE SOME FUN AND HELP
OUT OUR AMERICAN FLIERS
AT THE SAME TIME!

RIPPING OFF THE WING FROM THE FALLING
NAZI PLANE, VULCAN THEN LANDS ON A US PLANE



OKAY, VULCAN.
I'VE HEARD
ABOUT YOUR
FEATS, SO I'LL
TAKE A CHANCE
AND PLAY A-
LONG WITH
YOU!

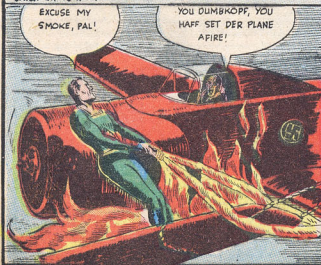
SWELL! LET'S
GET GOING!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...



AH! THIS IS THE
SPORT!

VULCAN GUIDES THE FLAMING WING LIKE AN AQUAPLANE, SWOOPING
TO ONE SIDE AND SIDE-SWIRLING A NAZI PLANE, CAUSING THE FLAMES TO
CATCH ON TO IT...



EXCUSE MY
SMOKE, PAL!

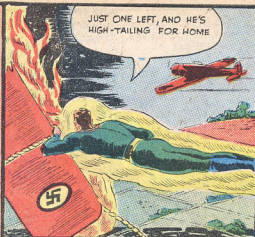
YOU DUMBKOPF, YOU
HAFF SET DER PLANE
AFIRE!

AN
AMERICAN GUN
CREW WATCHES
VULCAN AS HE
ZOOMS THROUGH
A GROUP OF
NAZI PLANES,
HITTING THEM
ALL AND
BURSTING THEM
INTO FLAMES.



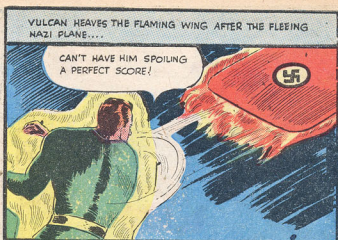
WOW! LOOK AT THAT
FIRE-GUY MESS UP
THOSE FLAMING FLY-
ING HEINIES!

FINALLY
VULCAN
LEAPS OFF
AND RIPS
OFF THE
BURNING
WING FROM
THE PLANE
THAT HAS
BEEN PUL-
LING HIM

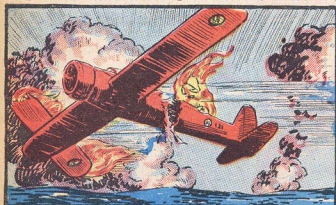


VULCAN HEAVES THE FLAMING WING AFTER THE FLEEING NAZI PLANE....

CAN'T HAVE HIM SPOILING A PERFECT SCORE!



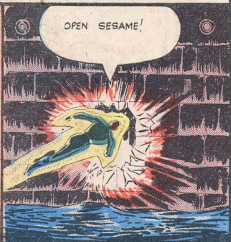
THE FLAMED WING HITS THE FLEEING PLANE, CUTS IT RIGHT IN TWO AND THE SECTIONS FALL FLAMING TOWARD THE SEA



ONE MORE JOB TO TEND TO IN THIS SECTION!



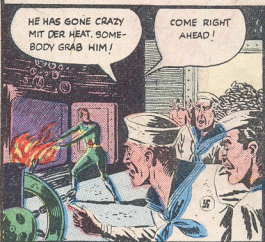
VULCAN
MELTS HIS
WAY RIGHT
THROUGH
THE SIDE
OF A NAZI
BATTLESHIP.



VULCAN NOW
FINDS HIMSELF
IN THE BOILER
ROOM OF THE
SHIP. HE DRAWS
FLAMES FROM
ONE OF THE
BIG FURNACES
AS THE NAZI BLACK
GANG LOOKS
ON WITH SUR-
PRISE....

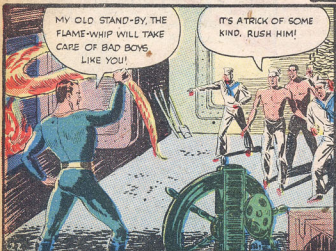
HE HAS GONE CRAZY
MIT DER HEAT, SOME-
BODY GRAB HIM!

COME RIGHT
AHEAD!



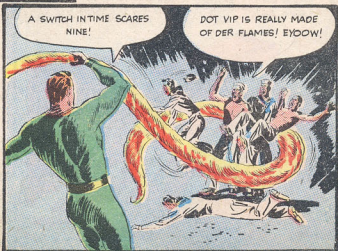
MY OLD STAND-BY, THE
FLAME-WHIP WILL TAKE
CAPE OF BAD BOYS
LIKE YOU!

IT'S A TRICK OF SOME
KIND, RUSH HIM!



A SWITCH IN TIME SCARES
NINE!

DOT VIP IS REALLY MADE
OF DER FLAMES! EYOW!



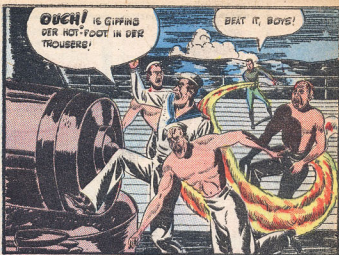
VULCAN CARRIES HIS FLAME WHIP CURLED UP ON TO THE DECK UP ABOVE...



NOW TO TAKE CARE OF THE BUNCH TOP-SIDE!

OUCH! IS GIPPING DER HOT-FOOT IN DER TROUSERS!

BEAT IT, BOYS!

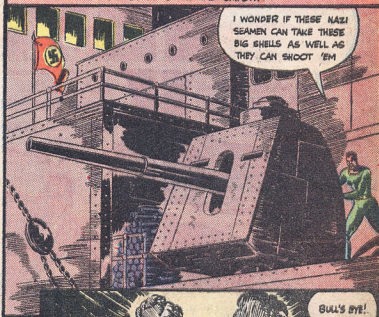


ROUNDING UP THE WHOLE CREW OF THE SHIP, WITH THE FLAME-WHIP, VULCAN HERDS THEM TO THE STERN, AND...



HIT THE WAVES, MY BRAVES!

VULCAN NOW MANS ONE OF THE BIG GUNS AND SWIVELS IT ABOUT, TRAINING IT ON ONE OF THE OTHER NAZI SHIPS...



I WONDER IF THESE NAZI SEAMEN CAN TAKE THESE BIG SHELLS AS WELL AS THEY CAN SHOOT 'EM

BULL'S EYE!

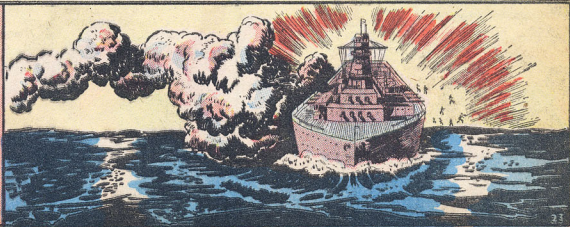
HIMMEL! DER WATLAND 155 SHELLS US!

VULCAN SHOOTS AT THE NAZI SHIP...

THE SHELL STRIKES AND SINKS THE SHIP IN HALF...



THE NEXT SHOT VULCAN FIRES, CATCHES A NAZI VESSEL BELOW THE WATER-
LINE...



MEANWHILE, ON THE WEST COAST, AT A MEETING OF NAZI-FINANCED PACIFISTS...



AND I REPEAT AGAIN, THAT JUST BECAUSE THE ATLANTIC ISLAND BASES WERE ATTACKED DOESN'T MEAN THAT WE ON THE MAINLAND ARE IN DANGER!

THOSE ISLANDS DIDN'T BELONG TO US, IN THE FIRST PLACE. IT IS RIDICULOUS TO THINK THAT WE IN AMERICA ARE IN DANGER OF BEING ATTACKED OR BOMBED. STOP ALL THIS WASTEFUL SPENDING ON DEFENSE, AND....



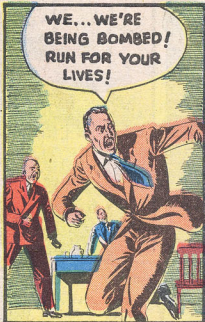
THE NEXT MOMENT BOMBS START TO FALL ON THE CITY...



AND AS I WAS SAYING BEFORE THAT...ER...AUTO BACKFIRE INTERRUPTED, THERE IS NO DANGER, NO.... ULP!



WE... WE'RE BEING BOMBED! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!



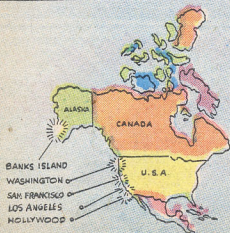
IN ONE OF THE BOMBERS...

THE SUDDENNESS OF THIS ATTACK ON THE WEST COAST GIVES US MOST HONORABLE ADVANTAGE. AND WITH THE PACIFIC FLEET FIVE THOUSAND MILES AWAY...

WE SHOULD ENJOY A SWIFT VICTORY BEFORE THEY CAN RETURN. EH, MOST BE-STEEMED LIEUTENANT?



WITH SAVAGE SUDDENNESS, THE JAPANESE FLEET AND AIR CORPS ATTACK THE WEST COAST FROM ALASKA TO CALIFORNIA...

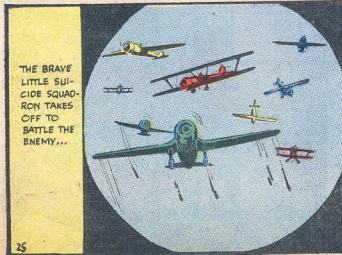
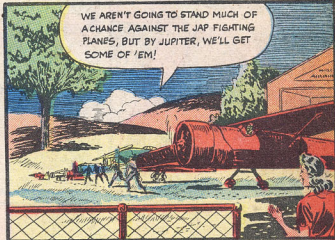
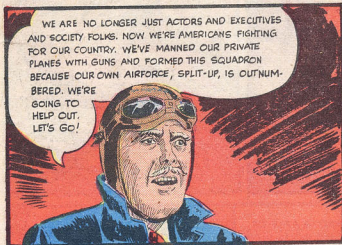
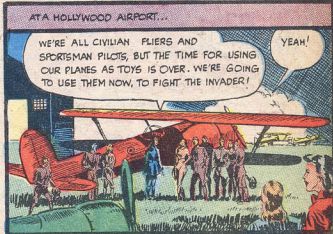
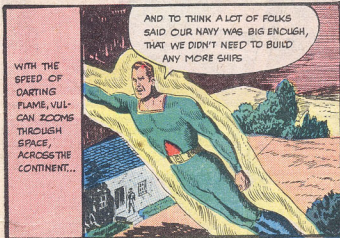


IN ICELAND, VULCAN HEARS THE NEWS...

THE NAZI ATTACK HAS BEEN BEATEN OFF FROM HERE, SIR, IF THERE IS NOTHING ELSE I CAN DO FOR YOU, I'LL HEAD FOR NOVA SCOTIA, AND...

NO NEED FOR THAT. THE PACIFIC FLEET HAS ARRIVED AND GAINED CONTROL HERE IN THE ATLANTIC. BUT NOW THE WEST COAST IS BEING ATTACKED BY JAPAN!





WITH DESPERATE DARING, THE SUICIDE SQUADRON TEARS RIGHT INTO THE ENEMY...



GOT TWO OF THEM!

CONCENTRATE ATTACK ON THESE FOOLS IN THEIR LITTLE PRIVATE PLANES. SLAUGHTER THEM ALL.

A HAIL OF BULLETS ENTERS THE PLANE AND KILLS THE BRAVE OLD MAN...



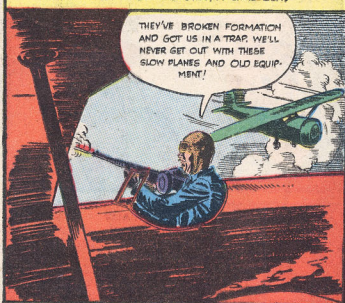
OOOCH! GOT ME... BUT... THEY'LL... NEVER... LICK AMERICA!

JUST THEN VULCAN REACHES THE SECTION...



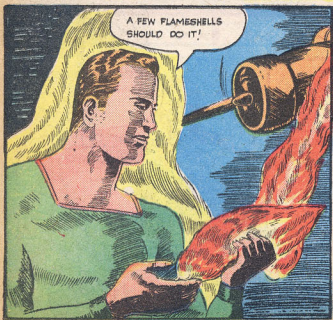
A BUNCH OF PRIVATE AMERICAN PLANES TRAPPED BY THAT GANG OF JAP BOMBERS THEY'LL BE SLAUGHTERED.

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN WORKS DESPERATELY WITH THE CONTROLS AND HIS OLD FASHIONED, MACHINE GUN.



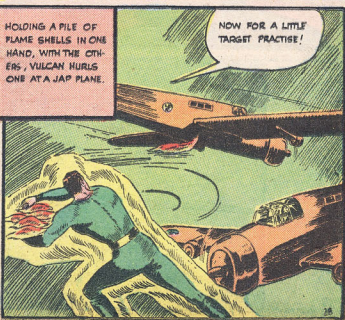
THEY'VE BROKEN FORMATION AND GOT US IN A TRAP. WE'LL NEVER GET OUT WITH THESE SLOW PLANES AND OLD EQUIPMENT!

SOON AS I GET THOSE FLAMES TO WORK WITH I'LL EVEN UP THIS BATTLE!



A FEW FLAMESHELLS SHOULD DO IT!

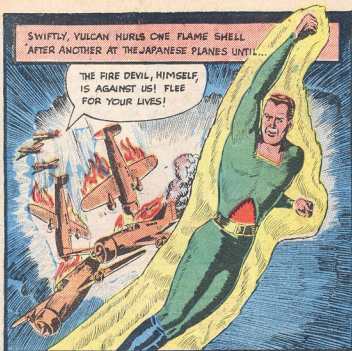
HOLDING A PILE OF FLAME SHELLS IN ONE HAND, WITH THE OTHERS, VULCAN HURLS ONE AT A JAP PLANE.



NOW FOR A LITTLE TARGET PRACTISE!

SWIFTLY, VULCAN HURLS ONE FLAME SHELL AFTER ANOTHER AT THE JAPANESE PLANES UNTIL...

THE FIRE DEVIL, HIMSELF, IS AGAINST US! FLEE FOR YOUR LIVES!

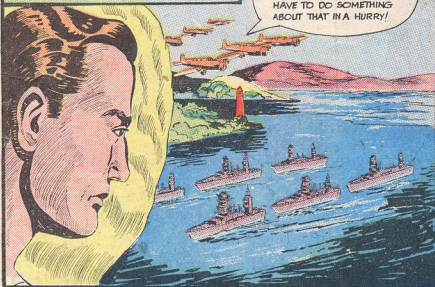


I'LL JUST MAKE SURE THOSE NIPPONESE NAZIS DON'T STOP BEFORE THEY GET WELL ON THEIR WAY BACK TO JAPAN!



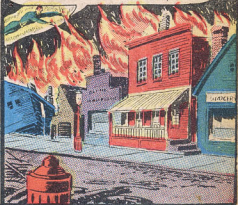
SEVERAL MILES OUT OVER THE PACIFIC VULCAN SEES A HUGE JAP FLEET WITH PLANES...

OH-OH! HERE COMES A COMBINED MAGE ATTACK. HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT IN A HURRY!



STREAKING BACK TO THE COAST, VULCAN TAKES SOME FLAMES FROM A BURNING VILLAGE....

GOOD THING THIS VILLAGE WAS EVACUATED BEFORE IT WAS BOMBED. THERE'S NOTHING LEFT OF IT. WITH THESE FLAMES I THINK I CAN MAKE SURE MORE COASTAL TOWNS DON'T SUFFER THE SAME FATE!



VULCAN NOW STREAKS HIGH ALONG THE COAST, DROPPING THE FLAMES OUT BEHIND HIM IN A LONG, HIGH CURTAIN OF FLAMES.

I'LL DRAW A HIGH CURTAIN OF FLAMES ALL ALONG THE COAST, AND THEN...

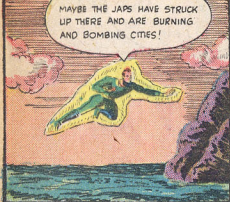


... LET'S SEE THOSE JAP INVADERS GET PASS THAT!



VULCAN NOW STREAKS AWAY HEADING NORTH TOWARD ALASKA...

MAYBE THE JAPS HAVE STRUCK UP THERE AND ARE BURNING AND BOMBING CITIES!



HE ARRIVES IN JUNEAU, AND SEES...

THEY'VE ATTACKED JUNEAU, ALREADY. THE EVACUATION HAS STARTED!



HEY, SOLDIER, HAVE THE JAPS ESTABLISHED ANY BASE IN ALASKA, YET?

YEAH, BLAST 'EM. THEY'VE GOT A BIG ONE ON THE PLAIN OVER NEAR THE EXTINCT VOLCANO, MT. ZANE



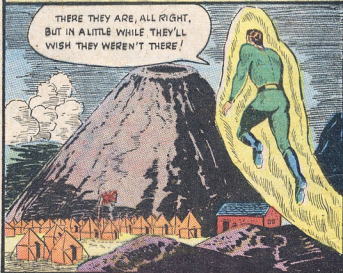
THEY'RE GOING TO USE THE BASE TO SWOOP DOWN AND ATTACK THE NORTHERN PART OF THE UNITED STATES.

AN EXTINCT VOLCANO, EH? THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION SOLDIER. I'M GOING TO GET BUSY



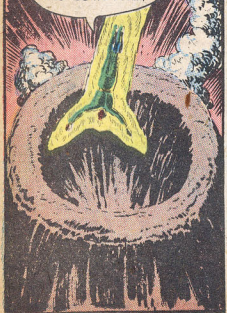
VULCAN THEN HEADS FOR THE JAP BASE, FURTHER INLAND, NEAR A BIG VOLCANIC MOUNTAIN....

THERE THEY ARE, ALL RIGHT, BUT IN A LITTLE WHILE THEY'LL WISH THEY WEREN'T THERE!



VULCAN ZOOMS DOWN INTO THE OPEN CRATER OF THE VOLCANO..

THIS SEEMS JUST LIKE HOME. IT SHOULDN'T BE TOO HARD TO START THIS THING GOING AGAIN!



EXHUDING ALL THE HEAT AT HIS COMMAND, VULCAN BURROWS DEEP INTO THE CRATER, STIRRING UP DORMANT GASSES UNTIL SUDDENLY THE VOLCANO ERUPTS VIOLENTLY....

ONCE STARTED, WATCH THIS MOUNTAIN HOT-BOX REALLY GET GOING!



LOOK! THE MOUNTAIN IS SHOOTING OUT FIRE!

VOLCANO ERUPTING! WE'LL BE KILLED!





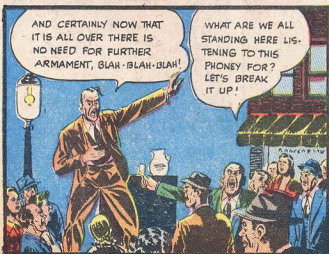
SEEING THAT THE BASE IS DESTROYED, VULCAN RE-ENTERS THE VOLCANO AND QUIETS IT ONCE MORE. BUT BEFORE HE CAN DO SO...



ABOARD ONE OF THE JAP WARSHIPS, AN OFFICER POINTS TOWARD WHERE VULCAN IS DROPPING HIS CURTAIN OF FIRE AROUND THE WHOLE FLEET

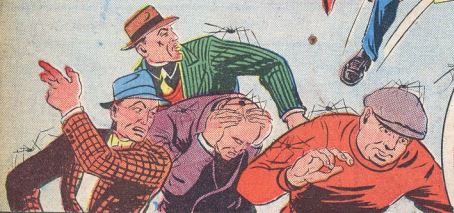
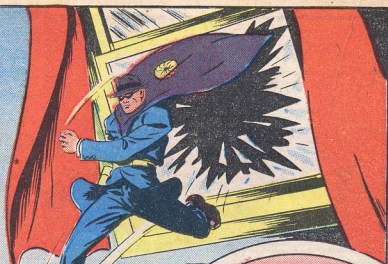


A FEW DAYS LATER, NEWSPAPERS CRY OUT THE EFFECTIVENESS OF VULCAN'S EFFORTS...



ANOTHER BIG ADVENTURE OF THE GREAT "VULCAN" IN FOUR FAVORITES COMICS

THE BLACK SPIDER



DISTRICT ATTORNEY
RALPH NELSON IS FRAMED
ON A MURDER CHARGE
AND FACES THE MOST
SERIOUS CRISIS IN
HIS CAREER . . .

IN THE UNDERWORLD
HIDEOUT OF "SCARFACE"
SCARMUCCI, NOTORIOUS
"PROTECTION" RACKETEER.

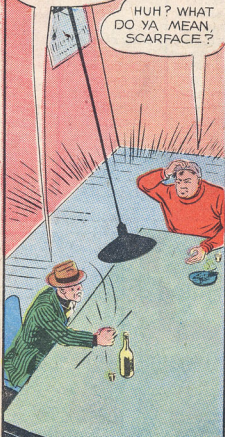
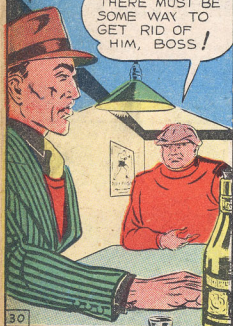
THE D.A. IS GETTIN' TOO
SMART, INVESTIGATIN'
OUR "PROTECTION" RACKET.

THERE MUST BE
SOME WAY TO
GET RID OF
HIM, BOSS!

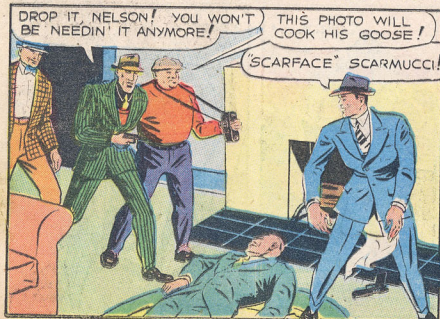
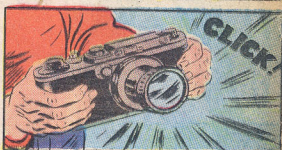
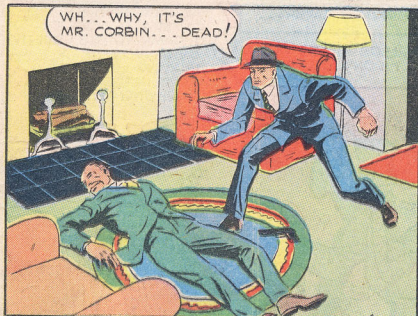
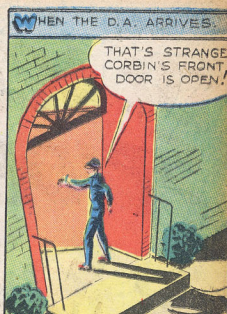
I GOT IT! WE'LL FRAME
HIM FOR MURDER!

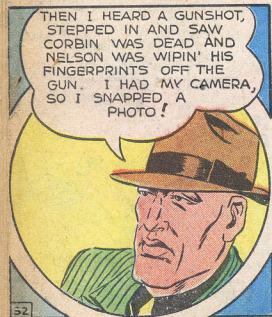
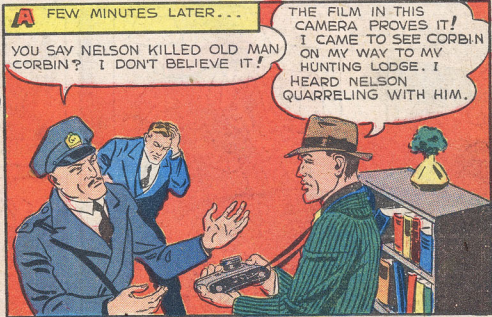
HUH? WHAT
DO YA MEAN,
SCARFACE?

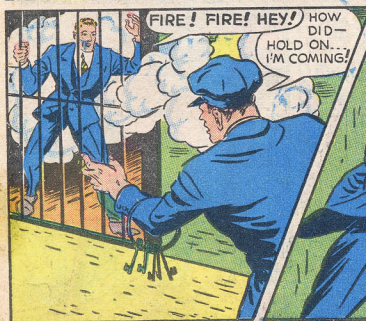
THE D.A. KNOWS OLD MAN
CORBIN IS CONNECTED
WITH ME IN THE RACKET!
I'VE BEEN WANTIN' TA PUT
CORBIN OUT OF THE WAY.
... BUT DISTRICT ATTOR-
NEY NELSON WILL TAKE
THE RAP!!

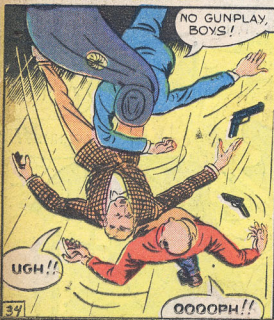
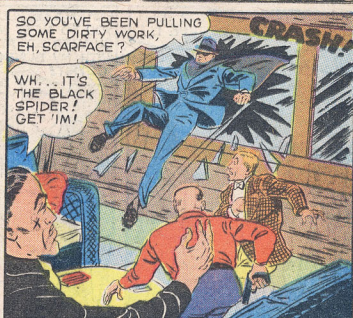


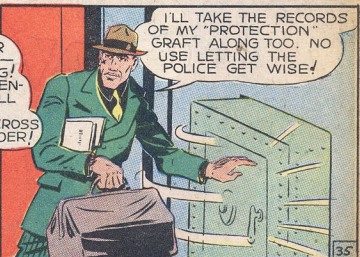
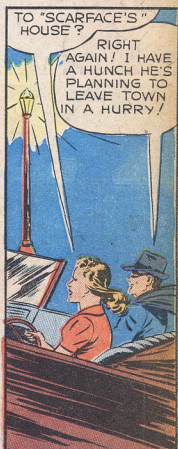
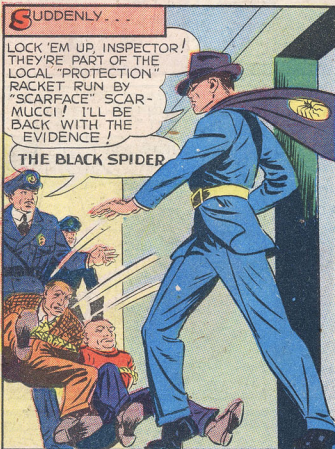
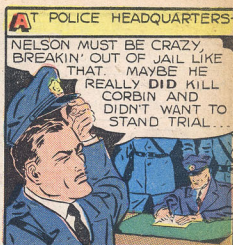
Win Romano??

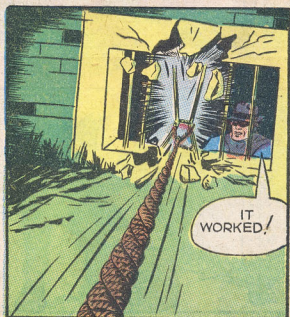
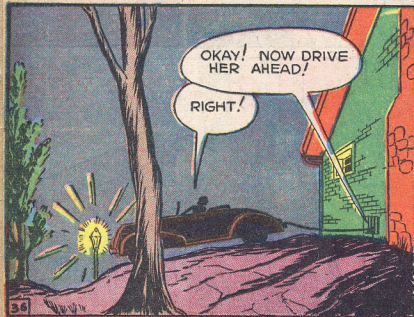
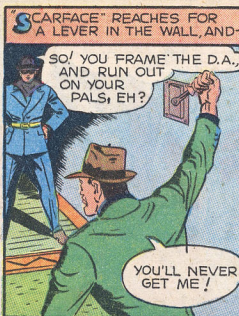


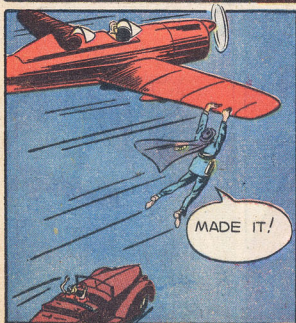
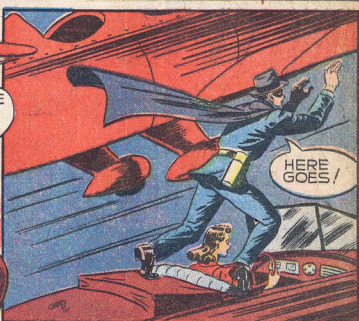
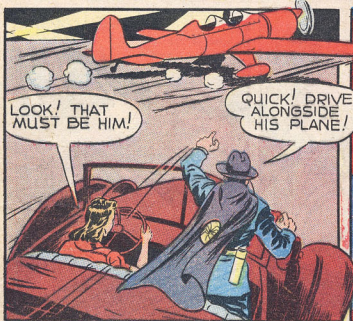
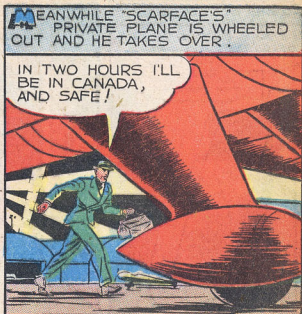




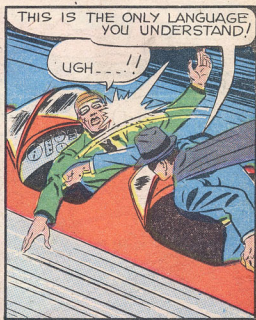
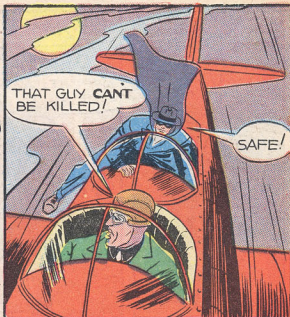
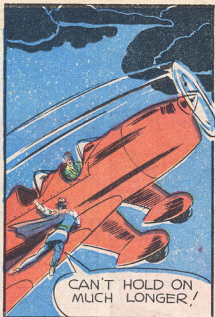
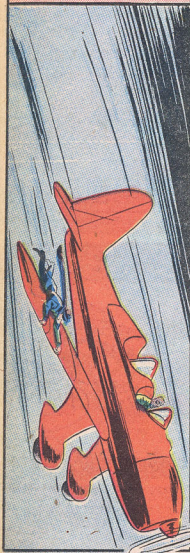




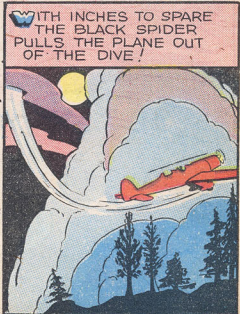


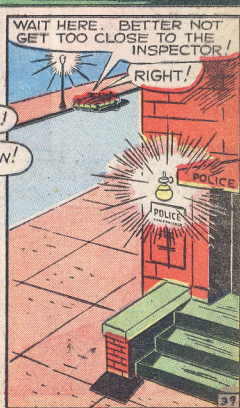
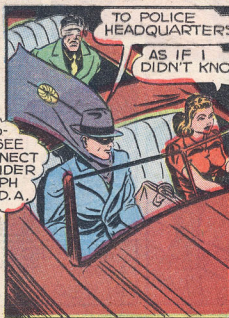
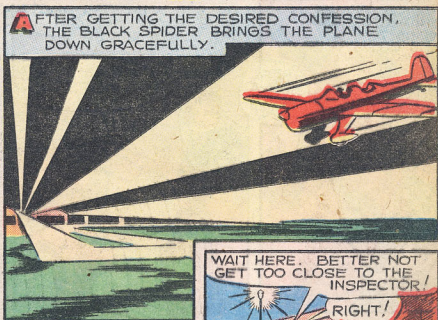


THE EVIL "SCARFACE" MANEUVERS HIS PLANE INTO A POWERFUL DIVE TO DISLodge THE BLACK SPIDER'S HOLD!



AS THE TWO MEN FIGHT THE PLANE GOES OUT OF CONTROL...



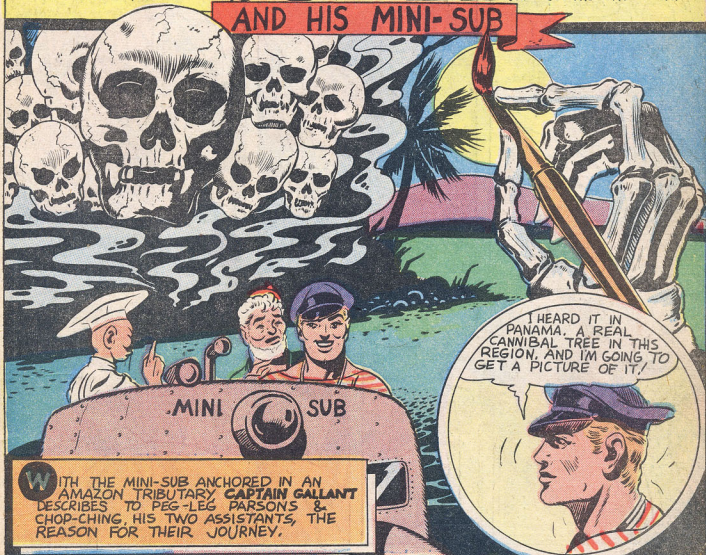




WATCH FOR THE NEXT THRILLING ADVENTURE OF THE BLACK SPIDER IN NEXT ISSUE OF SUPER MYSTERY COMICS

CAPT. GALLANT

AND HIS MINI-SUB



WITH THE MINI-SUB ANCHORED IN AN AMAZON TRIBUTARY, **CAPTAIN GALLANT** DESCRIBES TO PEG-LEG PARSONS & CHOP-CHING, HIS TWO ASSISTANTS, THE REASON FOR THEIR JOURNEY.

ALLEE SAME, CANNIBAL-TREE STARVE, IF WAIT FOR SUPPER TO WALK UP TO HIM!



AVAST, CAP'N! MAN OVER BOARD OFF THE PORT BOW!



SUDDENLY A CROCODILE BREAKS WATER IN PURSUIT OF THE SWIMMER...



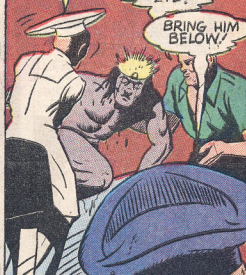
CAPT. GALLANT HURRIEDLY SEIZES A RIFLE.



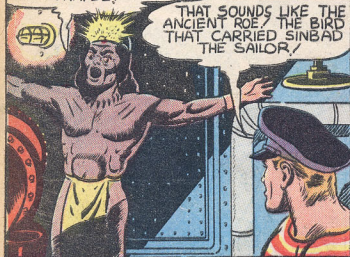
CAPT GALLANT'S SHOT PIERCES THE CROCODILE'S EYE.



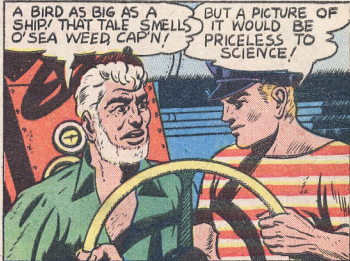
YOU CAT WITH NINE LIVES! BUT HE OWES ONE O' 'EM TO THE CAP'N SHOOTIN' EYE!



ME FALL IN RIVER-- FROM CLIFF--ME PUSHED OVER BY BIRD-- BIG AS SHIP MAYBE!



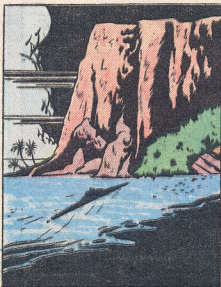
A BIRD AS BIG AS A SHIP! THAT TALE SMELLS O' SEA WEED CAP'N! BUT A PICTURE OF IT WOULD BE PRICELESS TO SCIENCE!



HOW'S OUR NATIVE? SLEEPING, MAYBE DREAMING OF WILD GEESSE CHASE HE SEND YOU ON!



THE MINI-SUB'S DESTINATION-- THE CLIFF!



BIRD HAVE FLOWN! NATIVE EVAPOLATE!



DESPITE THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE NATIVE, CAPT. GALLANT CLIMBS THE CLIFF.

I THINK I SEE WHAT SHOULD BE THE ROE'S NEST.

OH-MY TUMMY TICKLING MY FEET!

STOW YOUR CHATTER!



COME ON, CHING. WE'VE FOUND IT!

IF THAT'S A BIRD'S NEST, IT MUST BE AS LARGE AS A THREE MASTER!

I THINK MAYBE I NEED LONG LEST!



JUST AS THEY ENTER THE CAVE, NATIVES ATTACK THEM

I THINK I SEE BIRDS LIKE THESE IN LOGUE'S GALLERY!

IT'S A TRAP!

HIT THEM HARD, MEN!



TRY TO FIGHT YOUR WAY BACK TO THE ENTRANCE!



THIS SURE IS A RECEPTION PARTY, CAPT.



CAPT. GALLANT AND HIS CREW ARE OVERCOME BY SHEER NUMBERS!



AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CLIFF,

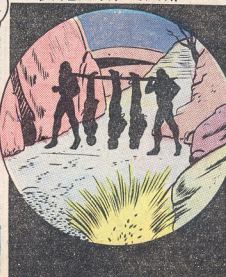
ME FEEL LIKEE LOAST DUCK LEADY FOR FRYING PAN!



I DON'T FEEL LIKE A DEAD DUCK. DON'T WORRY-WE'LL GET OUT OF THIS!



THE THREE CAPTIVES ARE CARRIED DOWN BY A DIFFERENT PATH,



SEE? HERE COMES WHITE MEN!





VILMA TELLS HER STORY!

A FEW DAYS AGO I WAS KIDNAPPED OFF MY BROTHER'S FLAT-BOAT ON THE AMAZON. THEY REFUSED TO TELL ME WHY.

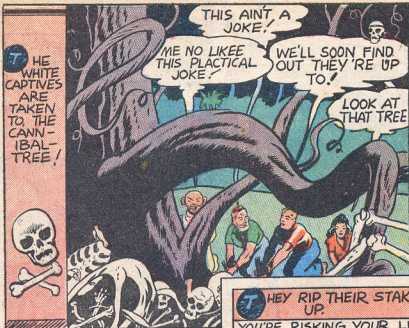


JUST THEN THE DRUMS BEGIN TO BEAT.



SUDDENLY THE DRUMS STOP---





ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS RETRACE
OUR FOOT STEPS AND WE'LL SOON
BE BACK AT THE MINI-SUB!



SEEMS FUNNY
THOSE BLASTED
SAVAGES AIN'T
CHASIN' US!

HERE WE ARE, VILMA, WE CLIMB
DOWN THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS
CAVE TO THE RIVER!



ME STILL FEEL LIKE
DUCK IN RESTAURANT
KITCHEN!

KEEP YOUR
WEATHER EYE
PEELED!

A S THEY DASH THROUGH
TO FREEDOM---

WHITE MAN KILL CANNIBAL--
TREE--BUT NO CHEAT
WEDDING OF DEATH! KILL!



HERE'S OUR BOY FRIEND,
AGAIN, PEG-LEG!

LET'S DUS'EM
OFF, CAP'N!

THE BATTLE RAGES,

A BIG BOY LIKE YOU TELLING
STORIES! SHAME ON YOU!



THAT'S SENDING THEM
BACK TO THE HOLD!

SURE LOOKS LIKE ALL THE TRIBES
ARE RUSHIN' FOR US WITH FULL
STEAM AHEAD!



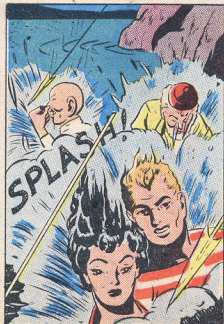
WHAT CAN WE
DO NOW!

WE COOKED
FOR GEESE
IF THEY CATCH
US AGAIN!

WELL THEY WON'T CATCH
US! OVER THE CLIFF, EVERYONE!



THEY MAKE THE DESPERATE
LEAP.

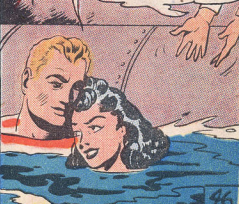


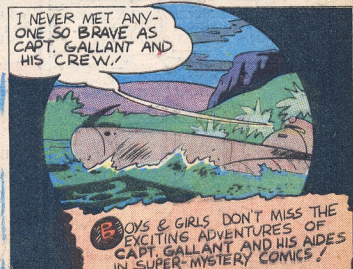
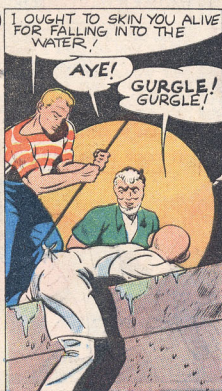
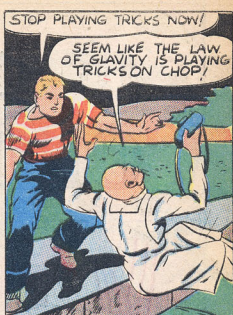
SPLASH!

SEE, VILMA, WE DIDN'T HAVE TO
SWIM FAR TO THE MINI-SUB

A REAL SUBMARINE! IT'S
HARD TO BELIEVE!

SO ARE SOME
FAIRY STORIES THAT
THE CAPTAIN FOLLOWS!





NEW YORK

Herald Reader Foreign Correspondent

ALLIES FIGHT
IN FRONT

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT

by
BARRY STILES

AS WE SEND THIS STORY OUT BY SECRET MESSENGER FROM THIS NAZI-INFESTED COUNTRY OF SPAIN WE WONDER WHETHER IT WILL REACH THE OUTSIDE WORLD. WE WONDER IF IT TOO, WILL BECOME ONE OF THOSE UNTOLD STORIES WHICH EITHER WIN OR LOSE A WAR! FOR THIS STORY CONCERNS ITSELF WITH AN UNANNOUNCED, UNHERALDED, BUT SECRETLY PREPARED, OFFENSIVE. IT HAD NO PUBLICITY, NO SCREAMING HEADLINES!-----IT HAD CLEVER PLANNING!

IT TOOK PLACE AROUND
GIBRALTAR -----

AVIATION

EXTRA! THE HERALD'S
FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT
SCOOPS AGAIN. READ ALL
ABOUT IT!

PAPER,
BOY!

WUXTRA! FOREIGN
CORRESPONDENT
SCOOPS AGAIN!
WUXTRA!

GIVE ME
A PAPER,
BOY!



"--WE WERE LAZILY READING A NEWS-
PAPER BY A WINDOW IN OUR HOTEL
ROOM IN TORONTO SPAIN WHEN
SUDDENLY

HEY BARRY, LOOK!
WE'VE GOT A VISITOR!

HUH?--WHERE?
OH! A HOMING
PIGEON----

WHAT A CUTE--
SAY--IT'S LEG
IS BROKEN!

SURE ENOUGH, THE POOR THING!
BUT TUBBY! THERE'S A PIECE OF
OF PAPER ATTACHED TO ITS LEG!

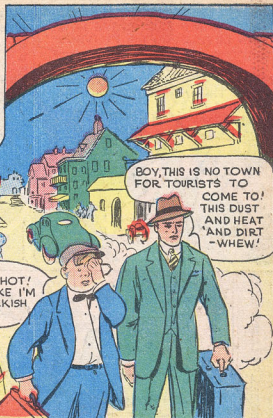
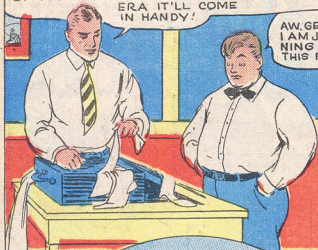
"WE DETACHED
THE PAPER FROM
THE PIGEON'S LEG
AND READ IT----

NOTIFY ALL
TOURISTS
TO MEET
AT
SAGOVIA--
Karl

"SAGOVIA' SAGOVIA WAS NEAR GIBRALTAR AND TOUR-
ISTS MIGHT MEAN ANYTHING OR-NOTHING -----"

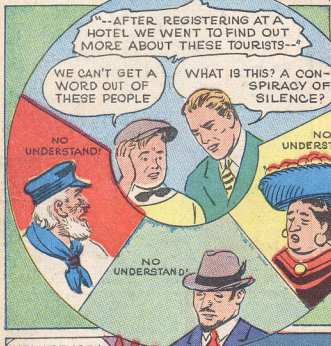
PACK YOUR BAG, TUBBY WE'RE GOING TO THIS MEETING
OF TOURISTS. AND DON'T FORGET YOUR BUTTONHOLE CAM-
ERA. IT'LL COME
IN HANDY!

AW, GEE! AND HERE
I AM JUST BEGIN-
NING TO LIKE
THIS PLACE!



BOY, THIS IS NO TOWN
FOR TOURISTS TO
COME TO!
THIS DUST
AND HEAT
'AND DIRT
-WHEW!

GEE, IT'S HOT!
I FEEL LIKE I'M
IN A TURKISH
BATH!



"--AFTER REGISTERING AT A
HOTEL WE WENT TO FIND OUT
MORE ABOUT THESE TOURISTS--"

WE CAN'T GET A
WORD OUT OF
THESE PEOPLE

WHAT IS THIS? A CON-
SPIRACY OF
SILENCE?

NO
UNDERSTAND!

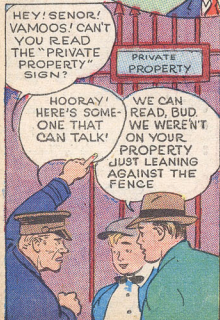
NO
UNDERSTAND!

NO
UNDERSTAND!

"--BUT IT WAS OF NO USE. NO ONE SEEMED TO
UNDERSTAND US. AND FINALLY WHEN NIGHT
HAD FALLEN-----"

I'VE NEVER BEEN
SO DOG TIRE D IN
ALL MY LIFE!
AND WHEN I
THINK HOW FAR
WE ARE FROM
THE HOTEL --OW!

WHO IS THINKING!
----OH MY POOR,
TOOTSIES AND
ALL FOR NOTHING!



HEY! SENOR!
VAMOOS! CAN'T
YOU READ
THE "PRIVATE
PROPERTY"
SIGN?

PRIVATE
PROPERTY

HOORAY!
HERE'S SOME-
ONE THAT
CAN TALK!

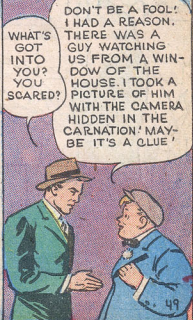
WE CAN
READ, BUD,
WE WEREN'T
ON YOUR
PROPERTY
JUST LEANING
AGAINST THE
FENCE



YOU HEAR
ME!

YOU GOT YOUR
NERVE ---- SAY,
LET GO OF ME,
TUBBY!

DON'T START
UP WITH HIM,
BARRY. COME
ON! LET'S GO!
COME ON!



WHAT'S
GOT
INTO
YOU?
YOU
SCARED?

DON'T BE A FOOL!
I HAD A REASON.
THERE WAS A
GUY WATCHING
US FROM A WIN-
DOW OF THE
HOUSE. I TOOK A
PICTURE OF HIM
WITH THE CAMERA
HIDDEN IN THE
CARNATION! MAY-
BE IT'S A CLUE!

"--WE HURRIED BACK TO THE HOTEL AND DEVELOPED THE PICTURE--"

WHAT THE--!
IT LOOKS LIKE
VON MOLKE!

IT'S COMING OUT!
IT'S COMING OUT!

"--YES! IT WAS VON
MOLKE! THE ERIC VON
MOLKE WHO ALWAYS
APPEARS WHEN A
NEW NAZI COUP IS
TO TAKE PLACE--"

"--IN A FLASH IT DAWN-
ED UPON US THAT A
NAZI PLOT WAS
BREWING! WE SPED
BACK TO VON MOLKE'S
HOUSE, CLIMBED OVER
THE GATE AND--"

THE 'GUARDS'
COMING,
BARRY!

O.K.!
NOW DON'T
MISS HIM,
KID!



AND NOW-HOW
ARE WE GOING
TO FIND OUT
WHAT'S GOING
ON?

I GOT IT!
THAT CLOTHES-
LINE POLE
THERE--

I'M CLIMBING
UP AS FAR AS
THE FIRST FLOOR
I OUGHT TO SEE
WHAT'S GOING ON
THROUGH THE
WINDOW!

OKAY!
I'LL WALK
AROUND THE
PLACE AND
SEE IF ANY-
BODY IS
COMING

THAT'S VON MOLKE
ALL RIGHT! I
WISH I COULD
HEAR WHAT HE'S
SAYING!
SAY!
I WONDER--

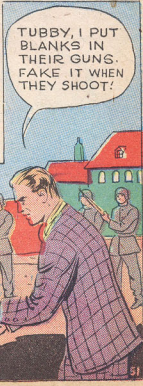
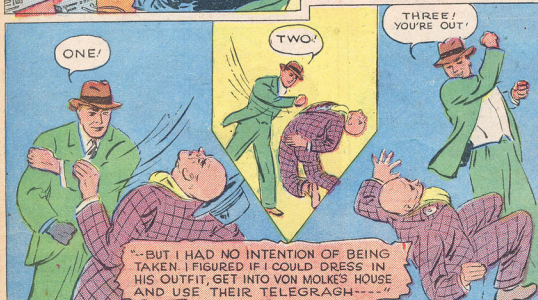
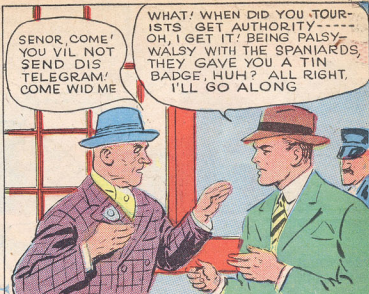


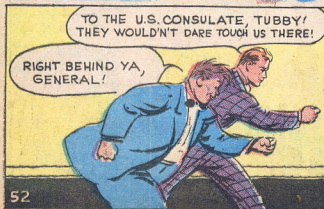
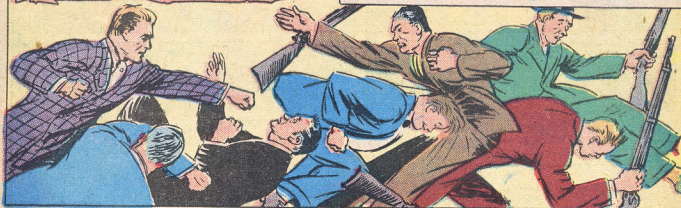
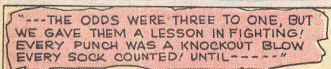
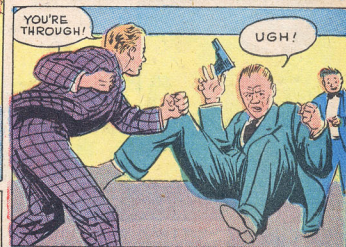
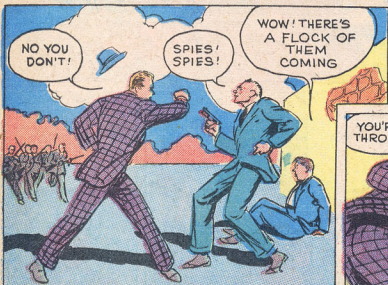
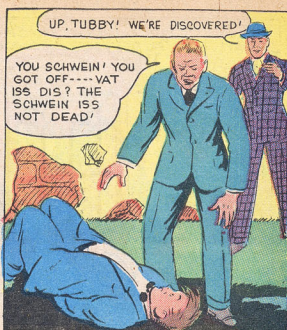
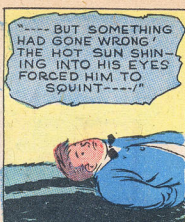
"---AND IT WORKED!
THROUGH THE OPERA
GLASSES I WAS ABLE
TO READ VON MOLKE'S
LIPS! I LEARNED THE
DETAILS OF THE
EVIL PLOT THAT
HATCHED IN THAT
CUNNING BRAIN---!"

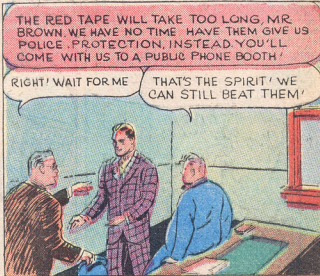
"---THIS WAS DYN-
AMITE! I KNEW I HAD
TO GET IT OUT TO
THE OUTSIDE WORLD!
BUT WHEN I CAME
OFF THE POLE,
I FOUND---!"

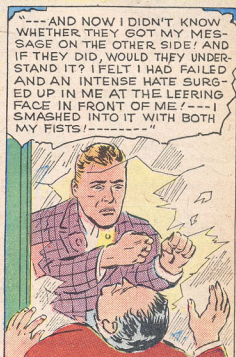
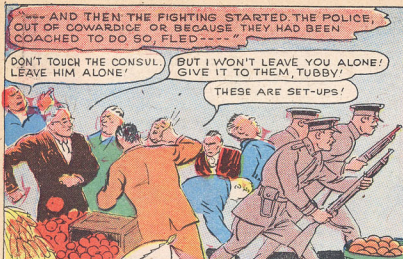
HAND-OUT-GUNS-TO-
THE-TOURISTS.
WE-ATTACK-
GIBRALTAR-
TOMORROW-
AT 5:00

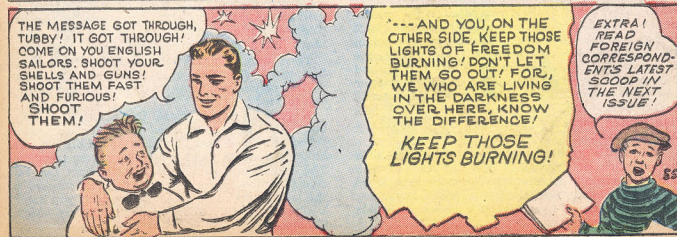
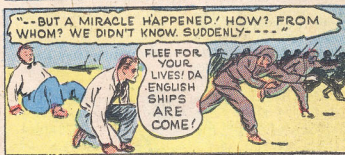
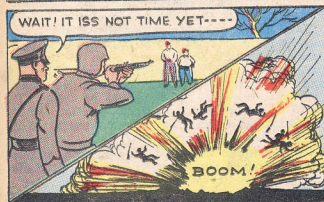
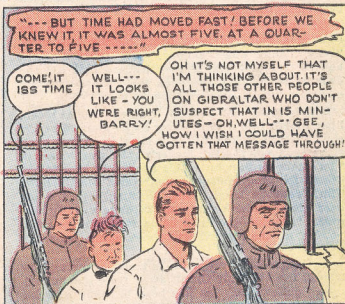
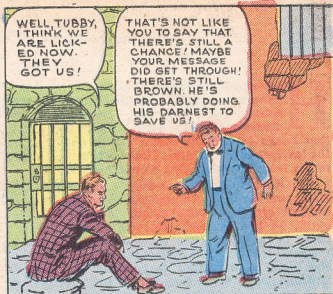
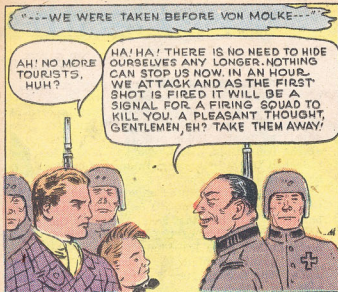
TUBBY'S GONE! BY THE
LOOKS OF THIS CAP
HE MUST HAVE PUT UP
SOME FIGHT!---BUT I
BETTER SEND THIS
MESSAGE OUT FIRST
AND THEN GO AFTER TUBBY











Death's

By Clint

HAD sneaking, furtive Tim Ricker been anything but what he was, the chances are that nobody would have died. But being a vindictive sorehead and a rat, the kind of coyote that hangs around the robber camps and licks up the leavings of bolder men, Tim was the direct cause of the leadstorm that blew Tecolote apart.

Tim Ricker was a back-biter and sore at Jing Matthews, Hawk Martin and the rest of Ed Jaeger's owlhoot crew. He was plumb finished with that outfit, he told himself. He whirled into Jaeger's camp in the hills above Tecolote town and spilled the news that Jing, Hawk and the other members of the gang were aiming to hold up the Tecolote Drover's bank at closing time. Furthermore, he said, they were roping in the kid, Billy Grant, on that money-bag grab.

Ed Jaeger hurled himself to his feet with the roar of a bull, red fury in his blazing blue eyes. "Why, damn those skunks," the bearded giant bawled. "I told 'em, if they learned that kid the owlhoot trade, that I'd break their bones with my own two hands! Where they at now?"

Small-souled satisfaction twisted Tim's mean, little mouth into a tight sneer as he glanced at the sun. "Hell, I reckon they'll be ridin' in on that bank right soon now!" Ed Jaeger's roar was music in Tim's ears as he whirled his horse and high-tailed. Tough for Jing Matthews and Hawk Martin now! Tim's raucous laugh hung mockingly in the air over his shoulder as he quit Tecolote vicinity forever. "Shucks—the kid'll be an outlaw hellion like you an' all the rest. They're sure gonna teach 'im today!"

Ed Jaeger had been alone in camp, planning how to lead the kid, Billy Grant, away from this hunted, rotten outlaw life. He had been brooding over his own ruined and wasted years, disgusted as he had never been before over the trail of red ruin that he had left behind him over the span of the past twenty years. For an instant, he stood glued to the ground, big legs spraddled, while Tim's departing taunt hung thin in the air. "The kid'll be an outlaw hellion like you—"

Sweat blurted out on Jaeger's forehead as he hurled his giant form toward the rope-corralled remuda. A groan of dismay burst from his bearded lips.

Tecolote was asleep in the mid-afternoon heat when Jaeger's big pie-bald roared down the middle of the street and skidded to a rump-squatting halt in front of the 'dobe bank. Hitting the ground in the middle of the duststorm that was raised, the outlaw leader's eyes stabbed flame as he recognized Jing Matthews' sorrel, Hawk Martin's horse, one or two others—also, Billy Grant's big bay, rein-hitched to the rack. Twin forty-fives leaped in his fists like tossing horns as he charged the door with a blurted curse.

The giant's crashing entrance had the effect of a hurled stick of dynamite. For the tick of two seconds, events in the dim interior of the bank stood as still as though hung in the emptiness following explosion. Jaeger's savage glare corralled the whole scene with one sweep.

Brown-skinned, tall Billy Grant stood alone, nearest to Jaeger and with his back to the door. A big six-gun was poised in his frozen, long-fingered fist. Behind the cages, faces frozen in ghastly pallor, stood the bank's teller and cashier. In a corner across from Billy, and huddled in a snarling pack, crouched the outlaw gang, thumbs hooked over the hammers of their guns.

Jaeger's fury prevented understanding of the fact that Billy's gun was poised on the outlaws, not the bankers. His blasting roar disrupted the poised, motionless inaction of the scene. With a yelping howl, outlaw guns leaped up.

The giant's hunted body smashed Billy Grant aside. His lashing guns roared flame and a smoking hell which beat down the leadstorm which howled from the corner. His great body rocked to the sledge-hammering of red-hot slugs, yet he stayed on his feet and hurled death until the snarling pack was a lashing, writhing mass.

Blood feathered Jaeger's beard as he whirled and charged for the door. "C'mon, Danny boy," he bawled to the frozen Billy Grant. "Let's get outa here now!" He did not see the strange look in Billy's blazing blue eyes, nor the queer hesitation with which the lean youngster upraised his gun, then holstered it and swiftly followed. He was unaware that, instead of calling the boy Billy, he had named him—Danny.

THEY escaped the excited and unaimed lead that was hurled the length of the rudely awakened and surging street. The wind a howl in their ears, they left the town behind in a storm of gunsmoke and dust. By dark, they were lost in the tangled hills and canyons which led upward to the Skeleton Mountains above the Tecolote rangelands.

They had escaped—or rather, they had confused pursuit for a precious two hours, more or less. Ed Jaeger, coughing softly, deep down in the huge cavern of his chest, spat blood furtively to one side and knew that he was dead. As dead as he would ever be—except for the final act of dying. His lungs had been ripped to shreds. The lead he had absorbed was a dreadful, dragging weight in his belly.

Jaeger slipped down from his heaving, lathered horse and stood with his legs spread wide, looking up at silent, watchful Billy Grant.

"Well—Billy," Jaeger said softly, "get down an' we'll rest awhile. I—I want to talk to you." A grimace crossed his heavy, crime-scarred features. "Yeh—if I'm ever gonna say what's a-layin' on my heart like a blotted brand—it'll have to be now!"

There was a waiting look on Billy's hard, hawk-like face. His blue gaze was clear and direct. "What makes you think that you got anything to say to me?"

A gagging cough shook the gaunt, old giant's body. He turned his head away for an instant. When he turned back, the back of his big paw was hiding his mouth and his huge legs were trembling. The men who had known him through the hell-riding, outlaw years would have been shocked by the look in his eagle eyes. "Billy—don't you know? You're my kid! Your name is Danny—Danny Thompson."

Saddlemate

Douglas

Grant's body stiffened. His face looked still and wooden. "You know what you're sayin'?"

"Get down," Jaeger pleaded, "an' I'll tell you everythin'. After that—you can high-tail an' I'll fool the law behind you. I'll lead 'em a chase—'til I'm dead."

Slowly, Billy Grant slipped down. He squatted on his heels and rolled a cigarette while Jaeger hunkered down beside him.

"Twenty years ago," Jaeger's deep voice rumbled, "I lost my wife an' little boy to a man who swore he'd be a better father an' husband than I could ever be." The giant thudded one big fist slowly against the other. "An' I reckon," he said bitterly, "that he told nothin' but the truth. I was a heller, hooch-crazy an' wild. I'd lost my ranch an' run myself into debt an' I reckoned that the only way I could get out was to rob a bank!"

For a long moment there was silence while Jaeger brooded and Billy Grant stared at him through cigarette smoke.

"Well," Jaeger said, "I—killed a man. After that, there was nothin' left for me but the owhoot trail. Edith divorced me an' took my little boy away. S'funny," the gaunt giant rumbled with a hoarse laugh, "from that day on out—I never took another drink."

The big fists slammed together monotonously. "But I killed! By heaven, yes! I'd kill for a dollar or a cigarette. I'd kill for no reason at all. Because—I had—gone crazy!"

Billy Grant watched him closely. The old man's breath was beginning to come in gurgling gasps. Death stood plain in his eyes. He coughed violently and wiped away the blood on his sleeve. He laughed at Billy's intentness and held up hands that trembled. "Don't be scared. I ain't a killer no more. An' besides—you're my boy!"

A GAIN he coughed and it seemed that this time he must surely die. When he had finally recovered from the paroxysm, his eyes were unnaturally bright. "Danny—that's your name—I been keepin' track of you through the years. You changed your name a couple of times—to Billy Grant the last time—but that didn't fool me. You've done some things I couldn't figger. A couple of times I lost you—but I allus found you again."

The old man was barely able to sit up now. His words tumbled like the muttering of delirium. "Danny—they say you've turned killer—a heller—an' that's what I wanted to talk to you about."

With baffling, dazzling speed, the old outlaw's gun was out. There was a crazy, wild glare in his eyes.

"Don't move!" Jaeger harshed. "Danny—you'll swear on your mother's name that you'll never hit the owhoot trail again, or—I'll kill you!"

Billy could have plucked the trembling wobbly gun from the man as easily as snatching a rattle from an infant. But he did not.

"Yeh," Jaeger quavered in a cracking voice, "you're never—gonna be—what I was. You'll be a better man!"

Blood flowed from the lip caught between Billy Grant's strong, white teeth. "Dad, don't worry about that," he said in a strong, gentle voice. "Look!

Can you see this?" He pulled over a corner of his vest and displayed thereon the badge of a U. S. deputy marshal. "Look—Dad. You see what this is?"

Jaeger strained his dimming eyes in the darkness. Then the flare of a match in Billy's hand displayed the badge. "What is it? Hell! Danny! It's a lawman's badge! What's it mean?"

"Dad, I ain't no outlaw. I never was. I just pretended to be, so's I could get into your gang. I wanted to catch you an' any of your men in an act of crime. Then I'd throw down on you an' have you—plumb where the law for years has been tryin' so hard to land you. But you'll believe me when I say that I didn't know you was my dad?"

Ed Jaeger fought with a dying mind in the sweating effort for comprehension. His glazing eyes searched Grant's face dimly. Then, suddenly, the old eagle gaze was back.

"By heaven! Not an outlaw—but a lawman!" Deep, happy laughter rumbled in the crushed, old chest, "Yeh, by hell—an' I'll bet if it had come to a showdown, that you'd 've arrested even me—you own dad—as a lawman should!"

The old man stiffened suddenly. "Hell, what's that?"

Billy Grant heard it, too—the distant, deep baying of a hound. "It's nothin', just the wind in the sage!"

But there was no need to comfort Ed Jaeger further. For the old warrior suddenly slumped forward in a huddle and rolled over. On his upturned face was a clinging, happy smile.

"Danny's a lawman," were the last words Billy Grant caught, "an' the wind's in the sage—"

For a long time, Billy Grant sat with his head in his hands and listened to the baying of the hound as it grew steadily and rapidly nearer. With a great sigh, finally, he stood up and pulled his gun. He blasted three shots toward the sky and there was a quick response not far away. A long halloo.

"That you, Billy? How you fixed?"

"C'mon in," Billy called.

Within the minute, Sheriff Lon Burke was there, and the men who made up his posse. The hound which had led them sniffed once at the huddled, dark corpse and then lay down.

Burke lit a match. "Hell! Billy, we'd 've been at the bank at the time planned on, only that damn Tim Ricker led us astray with lies! So— Ed Jaeger's dead. Did you have to swap lead with 'im?"

Billy Grant's face was expressionless. "No, he killed himself a-savin' my life."

Burke stared at him oddly. "Well, the rest of his outfit's dead, too. Our scheme worked, huh? I reckoned from the first, bein' you looked so much like Jaeger's kid, Danny, that it'd be a good stunt to dress you up in Danny's clothes an' see if you could join the gang. Of course, old Jaeger didn't know that Danny had been hung for murder!" Burke peered keenly again at Grant's stony features. "Hell! What's the matter with you?"

"Nothin'," Billy Grant said stiffly.

Burke lit another match and stared into Ed Jaeger's dead face. "Shucks, the old murderer looks happy!"

"Yeh," Billy Grant said softly. "Just as he was dyin', he heard the wind in the sage!"

PEEWEE WILSON U.S.A.

WHILE
PEEWEE IS DRESSING
TO GO ON SENTRY
DUTY, HIS TENTMATES
DECIDE TO PLAY A
PRACTICAL JOKE
ON HIM!

NOW I DON'T WANT THIS TO GET AROUND,
TIM, BUT DO YOU KNOW JACK GOT A
MEDAL FOR BEING EXTRA-
VIGILANT ON SENTRY DUTY?

A MEDAL?
I'D SURE
LIKE ONE OF THOSE!
BOY!

A MOMENT LATER
JACK ARRIVES

GOSH!

TELL US HOW YOU
GOT THAT MEDAL,
JACK?

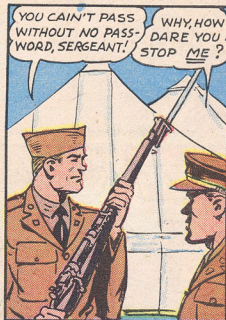
IT'S CONFIDENTIAL. BUT
I GOT IT FROM THE
COLONEL. HE FORGOT
THE PASSWORD, AND I
HELD HIM PRISONER UN-
TIL THE OFFICER OF THE
DAY ARRIVED

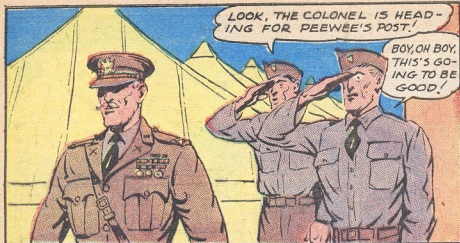
THE COLONEL'S GOING
AROUND, GIVING OUT MEDALS
TO ALL THE SENTRIES THAT
ARE EXTRA-VIGILANT. BUT
-- IT'S ALL ON THE
Q.T.

I WISH I WAS
GOING ON
SENTRY DUTY
NOW

SO LONG, FELLERS
AH GOTTA GIT ALONG
FER SENTRY DUTY

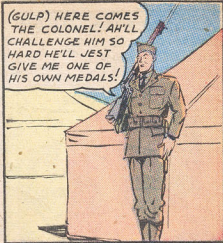
WHY, PEEWEE!
WE DIDN'T KNOW
YOU WERE IN THERE



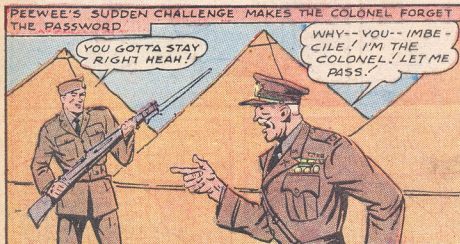


LOOK, THE COLONEL IS HEAD-
ING FOR PEEWEE'S POST!

BOY, OH BOY,
THIS'S GO-
ING TO BE
GOOD!



(GULP) HERE COMES
THE COLONEL! AH'LL
CHALLENGE HIM SO
HARD HE'LL JUST
GIVE ME ONE OF
HIS OWN MEDALS!

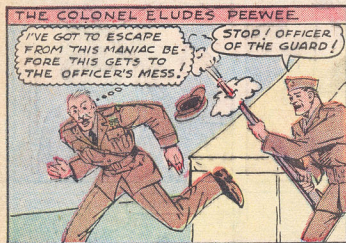


YOU GOTTA STAY
RIGHT HEAH!

WHY-- YOU-- IMBE-
CILE! I'M THE
COLONEL! LET ME
PASS!



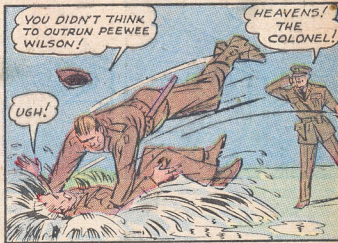
BOY! THE COLONEL IS
SHORE ACTIN' UP, JEST TO
FOOL ME,
AH BET!



THE COLONEL ELUDES PEEWEE.

I'VE GOT TO ESCAPE
FROM THIS MANIAC BE-
FORE THIS GETS TO
THE OFFICER'S MESS.

STOP! OFFICER
OF THE GUARD!



YOU DIDN'T THINK
TO OUTFRAN PEEWEE
WILSON!

HEAVENS!
THE
COLONEL!

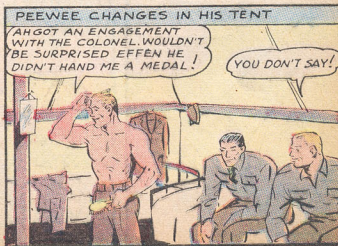
UGH!



SEE THAT THIS
GENIUS IS AT MY QUARTERS
IN HALF AN HOUR!

YE-YE-YES, SIR!

THANKY,
SIR!



PEEWEE CHANGES IN HIS TENT
AH GOT AN ENGAGEMENT
WITH THE COLONEL. WOULDN'T
BE SURPRISE Effen HE
DIDN'T HAND ME A MEDAL!

YOU DON'T SAY!

BUT PEEWEE LEARNS DIFFERENTLY

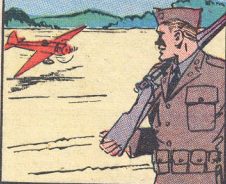
I OUGHT TO HAVE YOU COURT-MARTIALED FOR ASSAULTING YOUR SUPERIOR OFFICER, YOU-YOU!

BUT I WUZ SUPPOSED TO CHALLENGE EVERYBODY, SIR--



FOR PUNISHMENT PEEWEE IS PUT ON SENTRY DUTY IN THE MOST DESERTED PART OF THE CAMP

HELLO? THAT'S A PLANE ACOMIN' DOWN HEAH?



PEEWEE WEAKLY CHALLENGES THE PILOT

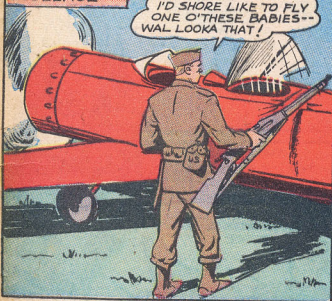
HOW DARE YOU CHALLENGE AN OFFICER IN THE PERFORMANCE OF HIS DUTY! LET ME PASS BEFORE I HAVE YOU UP BEFORE A COURT-MARTIAL!

WAL--I WAS JEST--O.K. YOU CAN GO THROUGH



PEEWEE'S RIFLE TOUCHES AGAINST THE FUSELAGE--

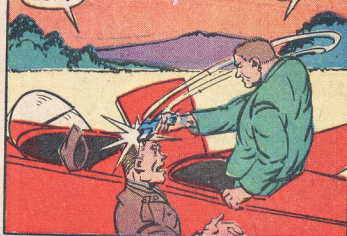
I'D SHORE LIKE TO FLY ONE O' THESE BABIES-- WAL LOOKA THAT!



A SECRET DOOR OPENS IN BACK OF THE COCKPIT

WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' THERE-- UGH!

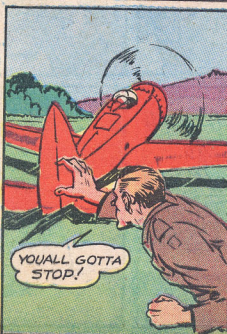
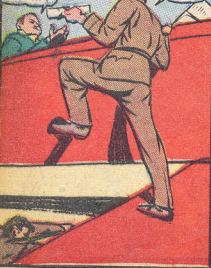
I THOUGHT IT WAS DER SIGNAL!-- SO! A YANKEE!



A FEW MINUTES LATER THE PILOT RETURNS

I THOUGHT IT WAS YOU TAPPING DER SIGNAL, HIT HIM

GOOD! HERE'S THE BLUEPRINT WE'LL BE OFF!



YOU ALL GOTTA STOP!

PEEWEE PREVENTS THE PLANE FROM TAKING OFF

I'LL SHOOT YOU OFF -- YOU FOOL!



TRY AN! I'VE GOT A GOOD HOLT ON THIS HERE PLANE!

A SUDDEN GUST OF WIND WHIRLS THE PLANE AROUND, HURLING PEEWEE OFF!

JUST YOUR FOOL LUCK I DIDN'T PUT A BULLET THROUGH YOUR HEAD!

AH'LL GIVE YE ANOTHER CHANCET! SOON'S AH GIT M'HANDS ON YE AGAIN!

AS THE PLANE TAKES OFF ---

AH KNOWED AH COULD HIT IT!

PEEWEE EXPLAINS TO THE OFFICER OF THE DAY
SO NOW YOU'RE SHOOTING AT AIRPLANES? SURE IT WASN'T PIGEONS?

IT WAS HEAH A MINUTE AGO

I'M TAKING YOUR GUN BEFORE YOU ACCIDENTALLY HURT SOMEONE WITH IT. REPORT TO YOUR TENT IN CLOSE CONFINEMENT UNTIL I FIGURE OUT WHAT'S TO BE DONE WITH YOU

YES, SIR

HO, HO! YOU SURE GET INTO A MESS OF TROUBLE, PEEWEE!

LOOK! THEAH HE IS!

PEEWEE IS SEEING ENEMIES BEHIND EVERY TENT!
HA, HA!

STOP! YOU CAIN'T GIT AWAY FROM ME NOW!

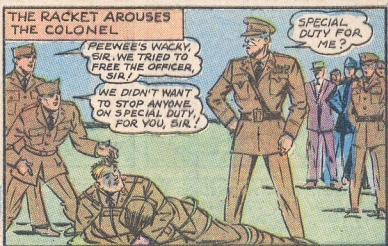
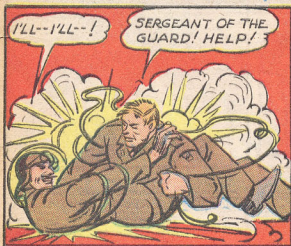
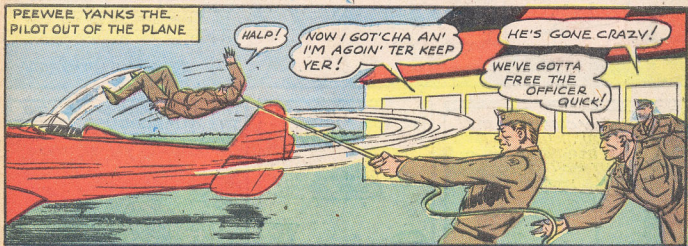
WHO ARE YOU?

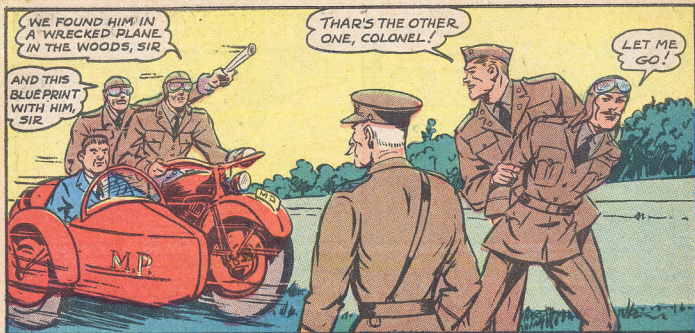
HOLD THIS FOOL BEFORE I REPORT YOU ALL TO THE COLONEL FOR STOPPING AN OFFICER ON URGENT DETAIL!

SAY, WE DON'T WANT TO GET IN DUTCH

HOLD HIM!

LEMME GO!







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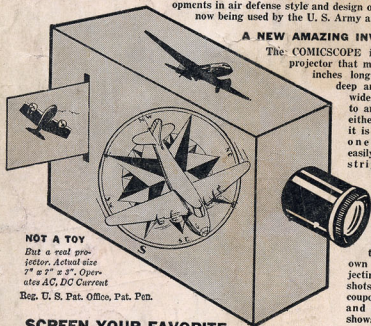
WINGS OF AMERICA

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